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John O'Neill
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USING ITS NOODLE, the International Tennis Federation is studying the interdicted spaghetti racket, which, J. D. Reed reports, has given rise to antipasta and propasta factions. A decision on whether to continue the ban is expected in July.

DIDDLE-DEE BERRIES are just the ticket for massive mullet in the remote Falkland Islands, but, as Clive Gammon discovered, a well-presented spoon is all it takes to take one's fill of the bleak, windy archipelago's enormous sea-run trout.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When Sarah Pileggi, whose article on Evonne Goolagong's victory over Chris Evert begins on page 24, became a staff writer four years ago, golf was the sport she knew and loved best. "It always will be my favorite," she says, "and amateur golf above all, because the prestige of amateur competition has not been diminished by the professional arm of the sport. That's fairly unusual these days."

But as are most of our writers, Sarah was called upon to diversify, and now has to her credit not only a distinguished collection of golf articles, but also pieces on athletes as dissimilar as Evert and Lyle Alzado, as well as coverage of, among other things, a bike race in Colorado, a boomerang contest in Washington, skateboarding in California, the AAU and NCAA cross-country championships, an international weightlifting competition in Las Vegas and a National Public Links Golf tournament in Coon Rapids, Minn., "Where I spent a week in a motel built to look like a hacienda."

Pileggi's most unlikely assignment, she feels, was reporting on the progress of Olympic construction in Montreal. The most frustrating was the Billie Jean King-Bobby Riggs tennis match.

"Curry Kirkpatrick was writing the story, and I was supposed to do the Billie Jean King side and give him my notes," Pileggi recalls. "Only there was no Billie Jean King side. She stayed in seclusion. She came out once a day for a news conference, and other than that, you could only talk to a person called Marilyn the Secretary. You'd ask Marilyn what Billie Jean had for dinner. My one scoop was thanks to Ted Tingling—he let me have the first look at her dress. It was sort of sea green. And he explained to me that one side of a tennis player's dress has to be fitted differently from the other, because of her serve."

Variety, happily, has turned out to be the spice of Sarah's life. "The nicest thing about the job is that you never know where you'll be going next, or what you'll discover when you get there.

"The most delightful place I have ever been," she says, "is Lunenburg County, Nova Scotia, where I did a story on Jan Todd, the powerlifter. She lives on a farm, 70 miles from Halifax, and I stayed in a little log cabin perched on the edge of a lake. Every night Jan and her husband Terry would drop me at the end of a narrow path, hand me a flashlight and I would hike up to the cabin. It had electric lights but no plumbing. I would gingerly venture into the dark, certain there was a bear lurking near the outhouse.

"The cabin was really lonely, and at first the silence and isolation were overwhelming. But I grew to love the tranquility, the stillness of the lake, the delicate autumn morning light. When it was time for me to leave I was genuinely saddened."

And was there a bear?

"No," Sarah says. "In this job, surprises are lurking everywhere, but not one of them so far has turned out to be a bear."



PILEGGI: HAS TRENCH COAT, WILL TRAVEL

Jack Meyer

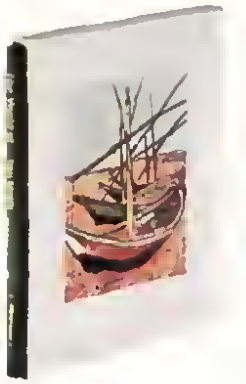


Death haunts Van Gogh's last self-portrait

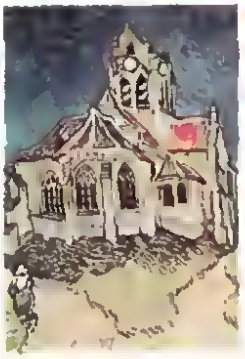
He sacrificed his sanity and his life to see and to paint as no one ever had before

The World of Van Gogh

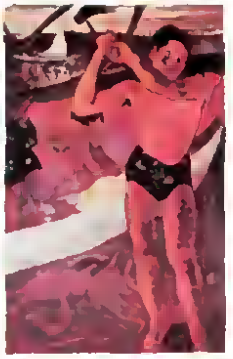
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Van Gogh sought peace in painting this church at Auvers



Many other artists, such as Gauguin, are represented



In The Harvest, Van Gogh captures both the lushness and the deep tranquility of the southern French countryside

HE TRIED to express his feeling for man and nature by becoming a minister, but his fevor alarmed his superiors. He fell in love with two women of his own class and they fled from him as from a dangerous lunatic. The famous incident in which he cut off part of his ear and gave it to a prostitute was only one more attempt to give something of himself to anyone who would accept it.

This torrent of emotion — for which society had no use — turned Vincent Van Gogh into one of the greatest painters of all time. Never has a man poured so much pure responsiveness into his art. You can see in it everything from salvation to suicide. Sacrificing his life and sanity to his work, he burned himself up in a blaze of perception, a controlled riot of color that washed over modern art like a tidal wave of lyricism.

Love, for Van Gogh, was a means of seeing . . . of fusing himself with his subjects. Even the lavish way he squeezed a tube of paint directly onto his canvas symbolized a generosity that knew no limits. To the humblest subject—an old pair of boots, an empty chair—he brought the special light of his own fervor. As one critic put it, Van Gogh had the courage to look the sun squarely in the face and steal its radiance.

Beside almost 1,700 works of art, Van Gogh also bequeathed to the world—in 661 letters to his brother—one of the most moving autobiographies ever written. It shows this dauntless man trying to learn Greek in order to be allowed to preach to Dutch coal miners. You find him, his hatband stuck full of candles, painting the stars at midnight. You trace letter by letter, canvas by canvas, the collapse of his sanity and his subsequent suicide.

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160 illustrations, 72 in full color

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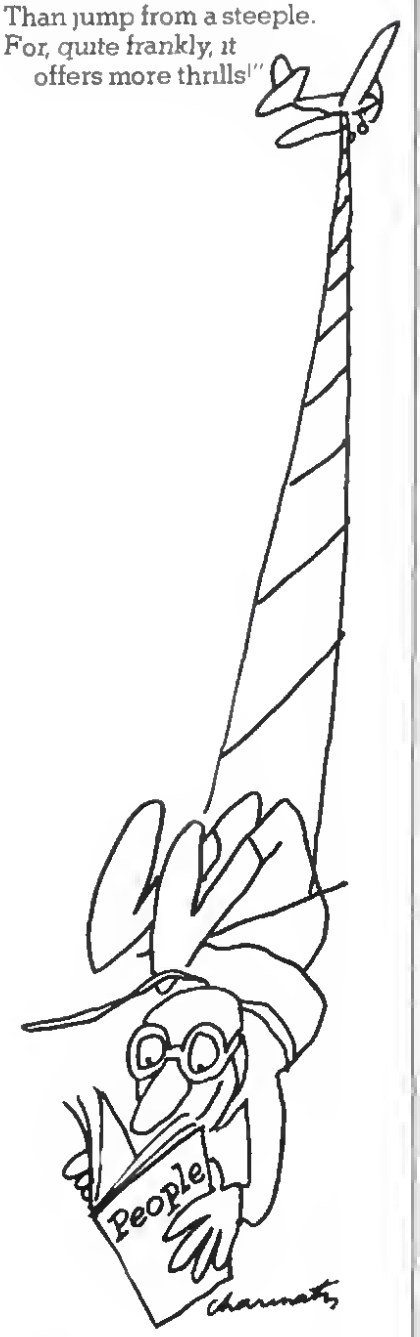
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BOOKTALK

by JULIE LAMB

COLOR PHOTOS REPLACE PAINTINGS IN THE AUDUBON SOCIETY'S BIRD GUIDE

Bird books are as scarce as, well, hen's teeth on best-seller lists, although a few years ago a small tour de force about an introspective seagull made it. And this year, perched on the paperback charts, is the two-volume *The Audubon Society Field Guide to North American Birds* (Alfred A. Knopf, $7.95 each).

One volume treats Eastern birds, the other Western birds and the novice bird watcher will be delighted by the full-color photographs (584 in the Eastern volume, 627 in the Western). Although veteran birders may miss the clear, carefully delineated paintings of traditional field guides and the field marks of Roger Tory Peterson, the bright, close-up photos give a wonderful immediacy to the birds and their environment—a tired, young saw-whet owl struggles to keep its eyes open, a wary peregrine falcon with a bloody beak clutches its prey in its talons, two fledgling pileated woodpeckers, beaks invitingly open, scream greetings from their hollow-tree home to their returning parent—and all elicit an instant sympathy and understanding that few paintings can evoke.

To make identification easier and quicker, the color plates are arranged according to each bird's appearance, primarily its shape and color, not, as in so many guides, by its scientific family. On the edge of each page of illustrations is a handy "thumbprint" guide, a small color-keyed silhouette of a bird showing the category to which the photographs of the birds on that page belong—long-legged waders, sandpiperlike birds, tree-clinging birds, perching birds, etc. Armed with an Audubon *Guide*, a reader need only flip through the plates until he spots an orange silhouette of a perching bird—revealing its eye-catching color—then glance quickly at the photographs on the indicated page to confirm that the exotic feathered creature hopping across his lawn is the first robin of the year.

The text is organized according to habitat—open ocean, freshwater marshes, deciduous forests, and so forth (the Eastern volume lists 12 habitats, the Western 20), and the entry for each species includes the expected data on appearance, voice, range and nesting habits, plus a paragraph of miscellaneous information. A remarkable collection of bird lore can be gleaned from the latter. For instance, because of their high oil content, Leach's storm petrels were once used as lamps, a cotton wick was inserted in a dead bird's mouth and lit. The Arctic tern, which each year migrates 22,000 miles from pole to pole and back again, spends more time in daylight in the course of a year than any other living creature. The beautiful but dumb whistling swan often stops to rest on the Niagara River while migrating south, and is sometimes swept over the Falls. Carolina wrens will nest in the pockets of coats left on a clothesline. Nuthatches usually creep down trees, while brown creepers only move up. Prairie warblers are not found on prairies, magnolia warblers are not found in magnolias and Connecticut warblers seldom visit Connecticut. The magnificent frigate bird has a wingspan of 7′ 6″, an old-squaw can dive to 80 fathoms, the peregrine falcon plunges at 180 mph and an albatross takes 10 to 12 years to mature. The bald eagle, symbol of majesty and power, has a weak, "thin, chittering" voice. Cactus wrens are late sleepers and can be surprised in their nests by early-rising bird watchers. The common raven's "insight behavior at least matches that of a dog." The cedar waxwing, in a birdie variation of the human game 'Pass it Along,' will "pass berries or even apple blossoms from one bird to the next down a long row sitting on a branch, until one bird eats the food." The polygamous great-tailed grackle, a male chauvinist, remains safely in the treetops after dispatching his females to the ground to feed. If they are not gobbled up by predators, he joins them.

The *Guide* also offers an eye-opening gamut of calls and songs. Though the calls of the bobwhite, chickadee, whippoorwill, killdeer, towhee, phoebe and curlew are just about what one would expect from their names, other birds have voices like an "old-fashioned-pump" (American bittern), a "loud *clang*" (least grebe), a "constant liquid twittering" (barn swallow), "wild maniacal laughter" (common loon), a "dry rattle, like running a finger along the teeth of a comb" (Smith's longspur), the "tinkle of icicles" (tree sparrow), or the "tolling of a soft bell" (boreal owl).

This easy to understand guide should set thousands of new watchers loose in the mountains, deserts and backyards of the country and introduce to a whole new group of Americans the pleasures of spotting the bright plumage of a scarlet tanager or identifying a ruby-throated hummingbird as it darts from flower to flower. Best of all, Audubon readers might learn to recognize the call of the wood thrush, a plain brown bird with a song so beautiful, says the *Guide*, that Thoreau was moved to write, "Whenever a man hears it he is young, and Nature is in her spring; wherever he hears it, it is a new world and a free country, and the gates of heaven are not shut against him." END



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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT H. BOYLE

TROUBLE FOR CBS

The Federal Communications Commission is getting ready to sock it to CBS. The FCC found last week that the network had "deceived the public" by promoting four tennis matches as "winner take all" when in fact all the players had been guaranteed money beforehand. The FCC also found that CBS had violated commission rules by plugging Caesars Palace in Las Vegas, where three of the matches took place, without announcing this was in exchange for "promotional considerations," *i.e.*, the hotel let network executives and crews freeload.

Because of these shenanigans, the FCC indicated it might not grant full-term license renewal for one or more of the five highly profitable stations CBS owns outright. "The people at CBS are terrified," says a television insider. "Those stations are the money tree."

Moreover, Bob Wussler announced last week that he was resigning as president of CBS Sports, ostensibly to form his own production company. Many in the industry regard Wussler's resignation as an attempt by the network to placate the FCC, but what really is puzzling is the talk that Barry Frank may move up from his position as senior vice-president for Sports to succeed Wussler. Before joining CBS, Frank worked for Trans World International, which helped package the first "winner-take-all" match. If CBS chooses Frank, says the insider, "They'd be saying, 'We got rid of Wussler because he's supposed to have finagled. Now we're replacing him with the guy who really finagled.' They should be out looking for Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis."

KIRK GOUDIE OF BNC

Now for NBC. University of Kansas basketball fans are livid about sportscaster Curt Gowdy making a hash of the names of Jayhawk players in the team's 83–76 loss to UCLA at the NCAA regionals in Eugene, Ore. As folks in Kansas screamed, Gowdy repeatedly referred to Darnell Valentine as Darrell Valentine, Donnie Von Moore as Donnie Van Moore, Scott Anderson as Kim Anderson and Wilmore Fowler as Wilmer Fowler. Ken Koenigs—Kaynigs phonetically—came over the air as both Coinig and Coinigs and Gowdy called Clint Johnson, who played brilliantly, Clint Jones.

As angry viewers called KARD-TV in Wichita, an NBC affiliate, station officials tried to reach network headquarters in New York, hoping the brass there could relay the correct names and pronunciations to Gowdy in Eugene. "But they told us in New York they couldn't reach Gowdy," a KARD spokesman says.

Jayhawk fans are not the only ones expressing their displeasure at Gowdy's performance. "It was not the caliber of work we expect in an NCAA telecast," says Tom Jernstedt of the NCAA. Sports editor Bob Hentzen of the *Topeka Daily Capital* wrote in his column last week, "... hoping Kirk Goudie does better with the names on his next basketball telecast." Don Baker, the KU sports information director, says he spent more than 30 minutes the day before the game briefing Gowdy on the players' names. Gowdy bollixed up the names then, but Baker says Gowdy assured him, "Don't worry, I'll have it all straightened out tomorrow."

Last Saturday, during halftime of the Kentucky-Michigan State game on NBC, Gowdy announced that although he wasn't running for governor of Kansas, he wanted to apologize to the KU basketball team for mispronouncing "two or three names."

MIXED BLESSING

The Philadelphia Flyers are thinking of dumping Kate Smith. Since 1969 her recording and live rendition of *God Bless America* have spurred the Flyers to a 49–6–2 mark. But in the last two playoffs the once reliable Kate failed to come through, and this season her record has been played just once. That was before a game against Pittsburgh that ended in a 4–4 tie.

Lou Scheinfeld, the Philadelphia vice-president charged with making such momentous decisions, now seriously doubts that *God Bless America* will ever be heard again at the Spectrum. "Kate gave it her all, but I think she's finished," says Scheinfeld. "If she can't even beat Pittsburgh, it's time for her to hang up her tonsils."

A FAN IS A FAN IS A FAN

The sign outside the house in the St. Louis suburb of Webster Groves says AMERICAN BEAUTY, 2966. The house belongs to Daniel Krueckeberg, 34, who is a Rose fancier, not the flower but the Cincinnati Reds star, Pete. Krueckeberg, an assistant professor of education at St. Louis University, must be the most enthusiastic Reds fan not living in Cincinnati and surely the biggest Pete Rose fan anywhere. The four-digit number on his sign, for instance, is Rose's lifetime hit total.

Krueckeberg's attachment to the Reds began as a boy when his parents took him to see a game at Crosley Field. In 1963 he was standing in the ticket line praising the talents of Rose, a rookie about to make his major league debut, when the man in front of him introduced



himself as Pete's father. That did it. Krueckeberg has followed Rose's career like a bloodhound ever since.

Last year he sent out a 20-question quiz to his friends, every answer to which was Rose. A sample: Who is the only player to be named an All-Star at three different positions? In his will Krueckeberg is leaving all his baseball mementos to Rose.

"I don't see myself as a fanatic," he says. "Other people just don't take baseball seriously enough."

continued

The Second Annual Prudhoe Bay All-Star Toss and Pitch Competition.

Haven't seen that one on television lately? Wait a week or so and it might show up.

If it does, you can be sure it will involve stars and starlets. Jocks. Media brats. TV personalities. The knowns, the moderately knowns, and the unknowns hoping to become known. In an era of fast food and instant fame, there's a new kind of sports event on television:

Trash Sports.

They're usually some kind of superstar competition, and generally fall into two areas: super *sports* stars who are asked to appear in a sport they're not that super at; or super *screen* stars who are asked to appear in a sport they're not that super at. And sometimes, the producers don't much care *how* they appear, as long as they do.

It's a new phenomenon of TV sports.

It's worth taking a look at. On Sunday, March 26, the SportsJournal segment of NBC's SportsWorld will examine this phenomenon the critics label TV Trash Sports. Are they a symptom of the times, television, or sports?

SportsWorld, Sunday, March 26

AIAW Women's Basketball Championships

1978 National Golden Gloves Tournament of Champions

Aerial Skiing Championships

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ELECTRIC CHARGES

There are a lot of nervous people at Detroit's Hazel Park racetrack. It all started one morning last week when Debbie Hicks, a 23-year-old exercise girl and an avid horse enthusiast, went on a local radio talk show to promote a horse show in Pontiac. When host J. P. McCarthy casually asked if she gambled, Hicks replied, "No, I work too hard for my money. And I know I can't trust the jockeys in the race and the other owners and trainers." For the remainder of the interview, Hicks blasted away. She accused jockeys of holding horses and said that track stewards "looked the other way." She charged that horses are either drugged or "hit" with a "machine," a battery with two prongs, to make them run faster. "If you have a pair of binoculars and you watch closely, you can actually watch a horse get hit with a machine," she said. The amazed McCarthy concluded the interview by saying, "It's refreshing to run into someone like you."

Off the air, Hicks expanded her charges. She said she calculated that six claiming races a week were fixed last season but refused to name names, saying, "I don't want to hurt people who have no other way of making a living except racing." The Michigan racing commission, which immediately began an investigation, held a four-hour meeting with Hicks and her lawyer. She refused to give the commission any names but she did describe alleged incidents. "She gave us a time frame to work within," says Deputy Commissioner Jim Higginbottom, "and right now we're going through records trying to find something that will coincide with what she has said."

DIAL-A-MEET

Snowed out of a swim meet against Indiana State, the seventh time his team had been snowed out this season, Coach Fred Kahms of Purdue had a brainstorm. He called Duane Barrows, the coach at Indiana State, and they arranged to compete by phone.

On the day of the meet Barrows called Kahms at Purdue, and they stayed on the line for two hours and 15 minutes. Before each race the coaches would announce their swimmers, leave the phone, go to the pool for the race and return to the phone with the times in order to figure the placements. "Each school had all the same officials they would have at a regular competition," Kahms says. "We each had timers, referees, a starter and even a public-address announcer who would tell the fans before each race who the swimmers were supposed to be in the empty lanes."

For diving, each school used its own judges. Indiana State won the diving competition by half a point, but Purdue won the meet 68–45. Despite the lack of live rivals, freshman Bob Norris set a Purdue record in the 200-yard butterfly (1:54.8), and Tom Nelson of Indiana State set a school mark in the 200-yard freestyle (1:45.0). The phone bill came to about $25. Barrows figures if his team had traveled the 100 miles to West Lafayette from Terre Haute, it would have cost Indiana State $200.

SPARE TIRES

Dr. Glenn Dawson, director of physiological studies at the University of North Carolina-Charlotte, has some news for those who maintain that race-car drivers are athletes. Dawson says they are not, at least not in terms of their physical conditioning.

He conducted a series of tests among a random sampling of 10 NASCAR Grand National drivers and a cross section of the public in the same general age group. The results showed that the stock-car driver is above average in grip strength and abdominal endurance, but below average in cardiovascular fitness. In all other pertinent categories, the stock-car driver was just as average as the public. In the reaction-time test, in which a person has to press his thumb on a button when a light comes on, the drivers averaged .0192 second, slightly slower than the control group average of .0167 second. Dawson says the difference is not statistically significant, but it does disprove the idea that professional drivers have quick reactions. Dawson also compared test results on the drivers with those of other athletes. The average body fat content of the drivers is 24%, while in professional basketball or football players it is only 10% to 11%. In the grip strength test, the drivers pulled an average of 132 pounds, but Dawson says professional basketball players can almost double that.

Concludes Dawson, "I've never seen a good definition of just what an athlete is. If your definition is someone with strength, power, agility, the ability to run the fastest or jump the farthest, then drivers don't have it."

CEM

"This is very serious. Every day new horses are turning up positive," says Dr. Tom Swerczek of the University of Kentucky's veterinary science department. Counters Tom Harris, state Commissioner of Agriculture, "It's not as serious as we thought." A difference of opinion makes a horse race, but what is happening in Kentucky now is far more serious than a horse race. An outbreak of CEM—contagious equine metritis, a venereal disease—is threatening 7,500 broodmares and almost 50 million-dollar stallions.

On March 8, Dr. Swerczek notified the state that he had isolated the culture of an organism that causes CEM. The culture came from Going Gallant, a mare that had been bred eight days earlier to Caro, an imported French stallion standing at Spendthrift Farm. Further tests caused a total of 66 mares and seven stallions to be quarantined across the state, and Commissioner Harris imposed a two-week moratorium on breeding.

CEM first appeared in Europe two years ago. Last September the U.S. Department of Agriculture placed a ban on horses entering this country from France, Ireland and England, where the National Stud had to shut down. But 471 thoroughbreds already had been imported from those countries since June of 1976, when the first cases of CEM were reported in France.

CEM can prevent pregnancy and kill embryonic foals. No vaccine exists and treatment is complicated. Worse, CEM is hard to detect.

Last week, at a meeting of 1,000 horsemen in Keeneland, Dr. John Griggs, a Lexington vet, drew loud applause when he called for breeding to continue. "We're talking economics," he said. "I see a lot of bankers out there, and I have notes with many of them. I can survive with 40% reproduction, but I can't survive with zero %." Two days after the meeting, Commissioner Harris said he would lift the breeding moratorium after the two-week ban elapsed. Said the commissioner, "If we can't eradicate CEM, we'll learn how to live with it."

THEY SAID IT

• Guy Lewis, University of Houston basketball coach, after a 100–77 loss to Notre Dame: "The only good thing about it was, if there were any recruits looking in, they know we need help." **END**

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MERIT

Kings & 100's

Sports Illustrated
MARCH 27, 1979

OFF IN A WORLD OF HIS OWN

Aroused by the challenge of Tom Watson, Jack Nicklaus has outdone even himself in his last four tournaments, finishing second, first, second and now first again at Sawgrass

by DAN JENKINS





It was that same Sawgrass music again Dueling bogeys And it was the same Jack Nicklaus again. There has never been anything quite so spectacular in the world of professional golf as what Jack has been up to lately. Not since the gutta met the percha, anyway. If you wanted to look for a pattern to it last week at Sawgrass, you had to start out by taking A1A to the first swamp on your left, then chartering a canoe and asking to be dropped off at the factory where they make grits out of lost Titleists.

The big news from Sawgrass and the Tournament Players Championship was that Nicklaus won another title without making birdies or eagles out of everything but the loose change in his pockets At Sawgrass, which is just down the coast from Jacksonville, a man is lucky even to make pars, and Jack made enough of those in Sunday's final round to shoot a 75 and beat Lou Graham and all those other guys who were charging after him with their backup lights on Explaining his three-over-par 75, Nicklaus said, "When I know that all I have to do to win a tournament is shoot even par, my shots tend to look very commercial I'm liable to look like anybody else you might see out there."

Nicklaus' one-shot triumph concluded a fascinating stretch of golf over a period that he has for some time considered his "Masters preparation" In Jack's past four tournaments he has finished second, first, second and first, in that order, and has won the pleasant sum of $155,600. Nicklaus now will fish, rest and work on his game this week in the Dominican Re-

continued

public, and spend all next week practicing at Augusta for the following week's Masters, which signals the start of golf's "major championship" season.

Chronologically, his 2–1–2–1 streak went like this: Nicklaus appeared to be all set to trample Gil Morgan and win the Los Angeles Open at Riviera, but with four holes to play he suddenly staggered into a double bogey and a bogey to blow it. The next week he went to Inverrary, outside Fort Lauderdale, and merely birdied the last *five* holes to wipe out Grier Jones' three-shot lead and captivate half the population of the Eastern seaboard. Two weeks later at Doral in Miami he had two holed-out wedge shots for eagles and a chip-in birdie over four holes on the final 10 only to lose to Tom Weiskopf by a stroke. And then came Sawgrass where Nicklaus went the last 18 without a single birdie but still won the TPC for the third time in five years.

"Something's going on," Jerry Heard said seriously. "It's got something to do with the devil."

What's going on? The obvious conclusion is that Tom Watson's success has made Nicklaus start getting up an hour earlier these days. Just as Lee Trevino had awakened him years ago, and as Weiskopf and Johnny Miller had later. If that is true, it has nothing to do with holing out wedge shots. Those things are luck, even if Jack claims he predicted two of them to his caddie, Angelo Argea. As Walter Hagen once said, "A shot two feet from the pin is skill. A shot that goes in is unconscious."

Graham's low, straight tee shots kept him close



For all of this, however, the main thing is that Nicklaus did what he had to do to win at Sawgrass. On that horrid, almost unfair layout, it seemed proper that only Nicklaus could survive. On the final hole Jack had to work his way out from behind a tree trunk, nail a seven-iron out of the rough and onto the green, which was 160 yards away, and then get down in two putts from 30 feet for the par 5 that gave him a total 289, one over par for the 72 holes—and one better than runner-up Lou Graham.

In the annals of brilliant golf charges, it may be written that Jack won his third TPC by playing two-over-par golf for the last seven holes and topping Graham who charged home with two-over-par golf for the last five holes. Compared to Jack's birdie barrage at Inverrary, it was about as thrilling as an insurance symposium, but Sawgrass does that.

Nicklaus won on a golf course where exactly one round was shot below 70—that being Mike McCullough's 69—and where the two players who scored holes in one, Grier Jones and John Mahaffey, needed them to post their blazing 77s.

From Thursday's start, the players found Sawgrass to be precisely as they left it a year ago. A swampy, scrubby, windy, chilly, narrow pain in the three-wood. They had been told it would be easier this year, that some changes had been made in the architecture. Several reptiles supposedly had been exterminated, too. There was, however, one thing that couldn't be corrected: the basic design of the layout. Sawgrass is a non-links course by the sea. If there was a run-up shot out there anywhere, or a place where the golfer could get underneath the wind, no one could find it. Sawgrass was target golf under links conditions, and this made for high scoring and bitter locker rooms.

Par on Thursday for the best field you could possibly assemble turned out to be 75-point-something. Par on Friday was 76-point-something because a new element had been added. Cold. As in freezing, particularly for those players who had to start early. On Saturday, when it was once again cold and breezy, par was judged to have been 76-point-something. And suddenly the players, who hope to see the TPC become a major championship, were beginning to say that Jacksonville is *always* like that at this time of year. Let's just hold it in Aspen, they said. The point many of them were trying to make is that the dates of the TPC perhaps ought to be changed.

Ed Sneed, who is one of the players' representatives on the PGA Tournament Policy Board, said, "We want the TPC to become a major, but I promise you that you can't have a major if two of our best players have taken an oath that when they come back next year, if the weather is the same again, they're going to withdraw." Sneed was speaking of Trevino and Weiskopf. Trevino, whose ailing back tends to stiffen up in cold weather, withdrew last week even though he had been among the fortunate (or unfortunate) to make the 36-hole cut.

Nicklaus and Ben Crenshaw were the two celebrities who were tied for the lead at two under par with five others after the first 18, the others being John Schroeder, Victor Regalado, Gary Groh, Bobby Wadkins and Gibby Gilbert.

It was on Friday that most of the field began sinking into the Sawgrass swamp, which had become a strange combination of polar ice cap and alligator farm. Some big names shot even bigger numbers. Like Weiskopf's 80. Tom Watson, the player of the year in 1977 and the player of the winter in 1978, missed the cut just as he had done the week before at Doral. Also leaving town early were Johnny Miller, Ray Floyd, Billy Casper, Dave Stockton and Lanny Wadkins.

After 36 holes Nicklaus and Crenshaw were still tied for the lead with identical rounds of 70 and 71, and both were playing superbly. Now Graham had entered the picture, too, creating a three-way tie with his rounds of 71 and 70. For a while

it appeared that Graham would share the lead with Nicklaus after Saturday's third round, but then Jack banged in a 22-foot putt for a birdie on the 18th hole and was one shot up at two under par.

From off the tee Graham hasn't missed more than two or three fairways in his whole life. Which is why you can put Graham on a Medinah, where he won the 1975 U.S. Open, or a Southern Hills, where he finished second in the 1977 U.S. Open, or a Sawgrass, and he will be a contender. Also, Graham is a low-ball hitter, and this was helping him in the wind. Add to it the fact that Graham is one of the tour's better chippers and manipulators—he got "up and down" about five times on Friday, and chipped one in on Saturday—and you had just the man to keep Nicklaus awake on Sunday.

For his part, Crenshaw had suffered some sort of a recurring nightmare during the third round. He was paired with Nicklaus, as he had been in the last round of the Masters a year ago when he fell apart. This time Ben didn't fall apart, but his putting stroke left him and he slowly got infected with the 77 disease. In numbers, he was not so far back that he couldn't have won the tournament with a low round on Sunday, but Sawgrass was hardly the place for one to be encouraged about any such prospect.

Nicklaus may well have won the championship at one hole in the third round—the par-4 16th where he salvaged a bogey from a situation that would have led any normal human being to a 12. First, Jack drove into a horrible spot behind a clump of trees, and it looked as if it would take a group of Japanese gardeners on their hands and knees to find his ball. He gouged it out with some weird type of body-English wedge shot and barely cleared a pond up by the green. But this ball was almost lost, too, being buried in a tangled patch of jungle. Nicklaus slashed at it, and if the ball moved, nobody could see it. One could envision Nicklaus in there for the next several days. He lay 3 already and there was no power mower on the way.

Well, what Jack did was somehow rip the ball out of the jungle on his next lusty swing. He got it up on the green about 20 feet past the hole. And, then, naturally, he rolled in the putt for a 5.

Yeah, it was a bogey, but it was a beautiful bogey. And, after all, Sawgrass was an appropriate place for a bogey to win a golf tournament. **END**

WHERRRRE'S JOHNNY?



Miller's errant drives sent him home early.

To the casual eye, he is still the golden boy who turned Oakmont inside out with a closing 63 five years ago to become the U.S. Open champion and then went on to win a dozen more tournaments and nearly $600,000 in 1974 and 1975. His hair is slightly darker now but still blond, he is bigger in the shoulders and chest but still lean, and his swing seems as fluid as ever. But something about Johnny Miller has changed—and it is reflected in the statistics the PGA keeps on its members.

Last year Miller failed to win a tournament and finished 48th on the money list. This year, in seven events, he has missed the cut three times and been disqualified once, for signing an incorrect scorecard. One of his three finishes was a 66th, another a 47th. Only at San Diego, where he tied for 11th, did Miller earn enough money ($4,200) to cover expenses. Arriving at Sawgrass, he was an ignoble 95th on the money list. And of his 18 rounds in 1978, only one was below 70—a 69 at Tucson.

Why? There are almost as many theories as there are players on the tour. His detractors—and Miller has picked up quite a few—say he is a crybaby, a quitter, a dog, tough to catch when in front but likely to pack it in when he falls behind. Others, less harsh, think Miller has become self-satisfied, that with money in the bank and with his various endorsements bringing in more lucre, he is complacent. Another theory is that the added muscle in his upper body—a result of heavy outdoor work he has done around his property in Napa, Calif.—has affected his suppleness and, thus, altered his swing.

But few feel Miller is finished. "He has too much natural ability to stay down long," says Jack Nicklaus. Arnold Palmer thinks Miller has lost his ability to concentrate but considers it a temporary condition. "Maybe he got too much too fast," says Hubert Green. "He used to talk about how little he practiced. He's practicing a lot now."

For an hour at Sawgrass, Miller was vintage Miller. He opened the TPC with a birdie, rolling in a long putt, then got another at the 4th to go two under par—and onto the leader board. Just like old times. But at the 5th tee, using an iron for control on the dogleg par 4, Miller's shot sailed way right, the ball disappearing into a tree-filled swamp. As it did, Miller spun around in a half circle and slammed his club on the ground. Down from the leader board came J. Miller.

Three holes later he was out of bounds to the left, his drive stopping up against a condominium. Then, at the 13th, Miller did it for the third time, driving OB to the right. He dropped to his knees in disgust. After hitting again, he wandered alone up the left side of the fairway, gazing at the passing cars on A1A. When he reached the green, he putted out quickly, then sat dejectedly on his golf bag while his playing partners finished the hole.

Miller acted stunned when he finished with his 77. Two youngsters asked for autographs, and he complied without looking at them, but when a reporter tried to intercept his flight, Miller proceeded unchecked. "This is not the time, my friend," he said. Andy Martinez, his caddie, said, "We're going to tear up this course tomorrow."

But tomorrow was more of the same, only worse. On the 1st hole—his 10th of the day—Miller hit his drive in a familiar spot, out of bounds right. His second drive landed in the same OB area, and when he finally holed out, he had an 8. Miller finished with an 82 and missed the cut by six shots.

"Go find Bruce and see if he has Byron's number," Miller told Martinez. Bruce is Tom Watson's caddie, and Miller was about to seek the aid of Byron Nelson, the old pro who has done so much for Watson's game. "Byron wrote me a letter offering to help," Miller said. "He said he thinks he knows what I'm doing wrong. He took Watson and made him a good driver, and obviously I need help."

Miller sat on the trunk of his car in the club's parking lot. "What I need is one swing instead of 12," he said. "I had one going in San Diego—keeping the left shoulder high—and I don't know why I switched. Sometimes I think I'm too observant. I have about 300 swing keys. No kidding. It's a frightening thing. I have to get where my misses are better. I was tempted to walk off the course today after I hit those two out of bounds. But I forced myself to suck it in, finish the round and post the bad score."

With that Miller was off to Dallas to see Nelson, the swing doctor. Watson had given him the number, rattling it off from memory. If Nelson's medicine works, Miller may memorize it himself. —WALTER BINGHAM



READY TO RUN A LONG WAY

The Avon International Women's Marathon attracted a field of 186 to prove who is the best in the world and—perhaps more important—to prove something to the world **by KENNY MOORE**

Marty Cooksey lifted the solid gold medal that an hour earlier had been hung about her neck for winning the first Avon International Women's Marathon in Atlanta. "I saw no golden apples today," she said, smiling. Cooksey was referring to the legend of Atalanta, the distance runner whose likeness was on the medal. For those whose mythology was cloudy, Kathrine Switzer—an organizer of the Avon race and something of a legend herself for breaking the men-only barrier at the Boston Marathon 11 years ago—thoughtfully had sketched out the story.

"Atalanta was very beautiful, she was very intelligent, she was very independent," Switzer said pointedly to the contestants on Saturday. "And she could outrun all the men in her country. She ran only for high stakes. If she raced a man and won, he would be put to death. If she lost, she would have to marry him. The first eight men died." Here there were rustles of approval. "Finally a determined pursuer dropped three golden apples in a race and when she stopped to pick them up, he ran past to win. Their children . . . " Switzer paused a moment, "were all monsters.

"The moral," she went on, "is to be wary of those who would defeat you with deceit and distractions, for the results are truly monstrous."

Switzer's strong and allegorical words were directed at the International Olympic Committee, for in addition to convening in Atlanta to settle on a world champion, the globe's best female marathoners had come to settle a point. They wanted a women's Olympic marathon, and they were weary of the dissembling of the IOC and the International Amateur Athletic Federation—running's governing body, which must endorse their cause before the IOC will seriously consider it. The IOC and IAAF continue to voice patronizing concern for the health and femininity of women runners and have shown it by allowing them to compete in nothing longer than the 1,500 in the Olympics.

To state the women's case, Avon had flown in Dr. Ernst van Aaken of West Germany, a research physiologist, coach of Olympians and father of women's distance running. Van Aaken, 68, was a 10-mile-per-day runner until one wintry night in 1972 when a truck hurtled into him on a snowy side street. He lost both legs. Van Aaken used some of the insurance money to organize the first women's international marathons in his hometown of Waldniel in 1974 and 1976. Those races and his research have made him a passionate and beloved advocate. "These

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

women are so beautiful because they run," he said, touched, as the runners gave him a standing ovation when he was wheeled into a prerace symposium where he would help state the women's cause. "It is a shame that officials are put in judgment of things they know nothing about. In 1970 the world record was 3:07. Now it is 2:34:48, by Christa Vahlensieck [whom he trains]. Yet women were forbidden to run even 3,000 meters in Montreal. Why go on with this injustice?"

Aldo Scandurra, the IAAF representative in Atlanta observing the Avon race, has been a sympathetic listener for years. Scandurra looks and sounds startlingly like Henry Kissinger, and he thinks like him, too. "I'm a realist," he said. "I think you have to go step by step." By that he means forming an international union of women road runners and hoping the IAAF will be impressed into taking over. "That's exactly what the International Cross-Country Union did," Scandurra said, "although I admit it took them 50 years." Scandurra pointed out that to get justice the women had to await social change on an international scale. "The Moroccans voted against longer races because they said women running distance is blasphemous, it ruins their femininity."

"Didn't we settle that one years ago?" asked one runner. Scandurra's answer was that we did in the U.S. and a few other countries, but the voting blocs of Africa and the Latin and Arab countries have yet to be convinced. "The feeling is not enough countries are interested," said Scandurra.

"That's a vicious circle," said Leal Ann Reinhart, the current AAU marathon champion from the San Fernando Valley Track Club. "The countries with creepy hang-ups don't let women run . . . so there is no interest . . . so they don't let women run."

Sarolta Monspart, a tough, windblown beauty from Budapest, was testimony to that. The Hungarian Athletic Federation had refused her a visa to Atlanta even though she has run 2:48:53 in a Budapest marathon. She cadged permission from orienteering officials instead (she was the 1972 world champion). When her ploy was discovered, Monspart was told she would have to finish in the first six or she would never get another visa.

Solidarity was the key to assembling the finest field of women ever. Fourteen of the 24 fastest women marathoners in history were among the 186 runners from eight countries who went to the line at 1:00 p.m. Sunday. Absent were Vahlensieck, who had to run in the world cross-country championships at Glasgow, and Chantal Langlace of France, who once held the world record (2:35.13), but who had ruptured an Achilles tendon. American record holder Kim Merritt and the Boston and New York Marathon champion Miki Gorman had been reluctant to compete, but showed. "I'm peaking for Boston," Gorman told Switzer. "Change your peak," Switzer replied.

The demands of the Atlanta course, and a temperature of 75°, meant that it would take a lot smarter runner than Atalanta to win. The 13-mile route took the runners twice over a course of undulating hills, with a particularly vicious, mile-long, 250-foot climb coming at nine and 23 miles. Cooksey held back slightly as a pack of five runners drew away soon after the start, with Merritt leading Reinhart, Monspart, Manuela Angenvoorth of West Germany and Julie Brown of the L.A. Naturite Track Club.

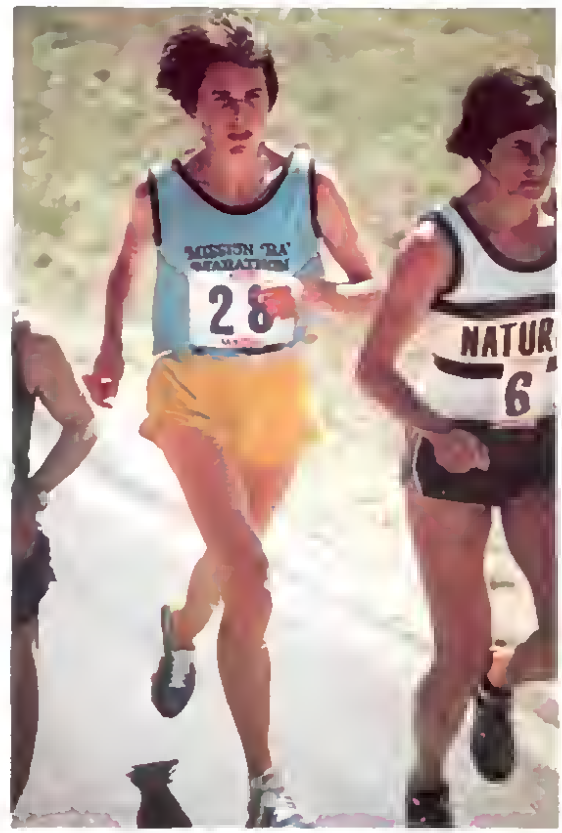
Brown was being held under tight rein by her coach, Chuck DeBus. "She hates to run behind," he said. "Even in workouts she has to be two inches ahead." Brown broke her right fibula in a cross-country spill last autumn, and her right calf was noticeably more slender than the left. But she seemed the most controlled of the leaders. "She can take off after 13, but I wish she'd wait until 18," said DeBus. She took off at 13. By 15, passed in 1:33:52. Cooksey had closed to within 200 yards of the leader. Monspart and Angenvoorth were together in third, splashing water on each other at aid stations and dodging swarms of Atlanta Sunday drivers who apparently could not be chased from the course.

At 20 miles, Cooksey, running with a lovely smooth action, was still gaining, especially at water stations where she drank on the run. Brown walked a step or two while she gulped. "I got close and I could see salt on her shorts," said Cooksey, 23, who works in a running-shoe store in Costa Mesa, Calif. "I really didn't want to think about being in first place. I didn't come here to win, just to do under 2:50." Her personal best before Atlanta was 2:53:58. Shortly past the crest of the last big hill, Cooksey overtook Brown and went on to win in 2:46:16. "There is no deceit in marathoning," she said later. "There is no distraction. It's the same for everybody. It is what burns inside and how wisely you have judged it that gets you through the last miles."

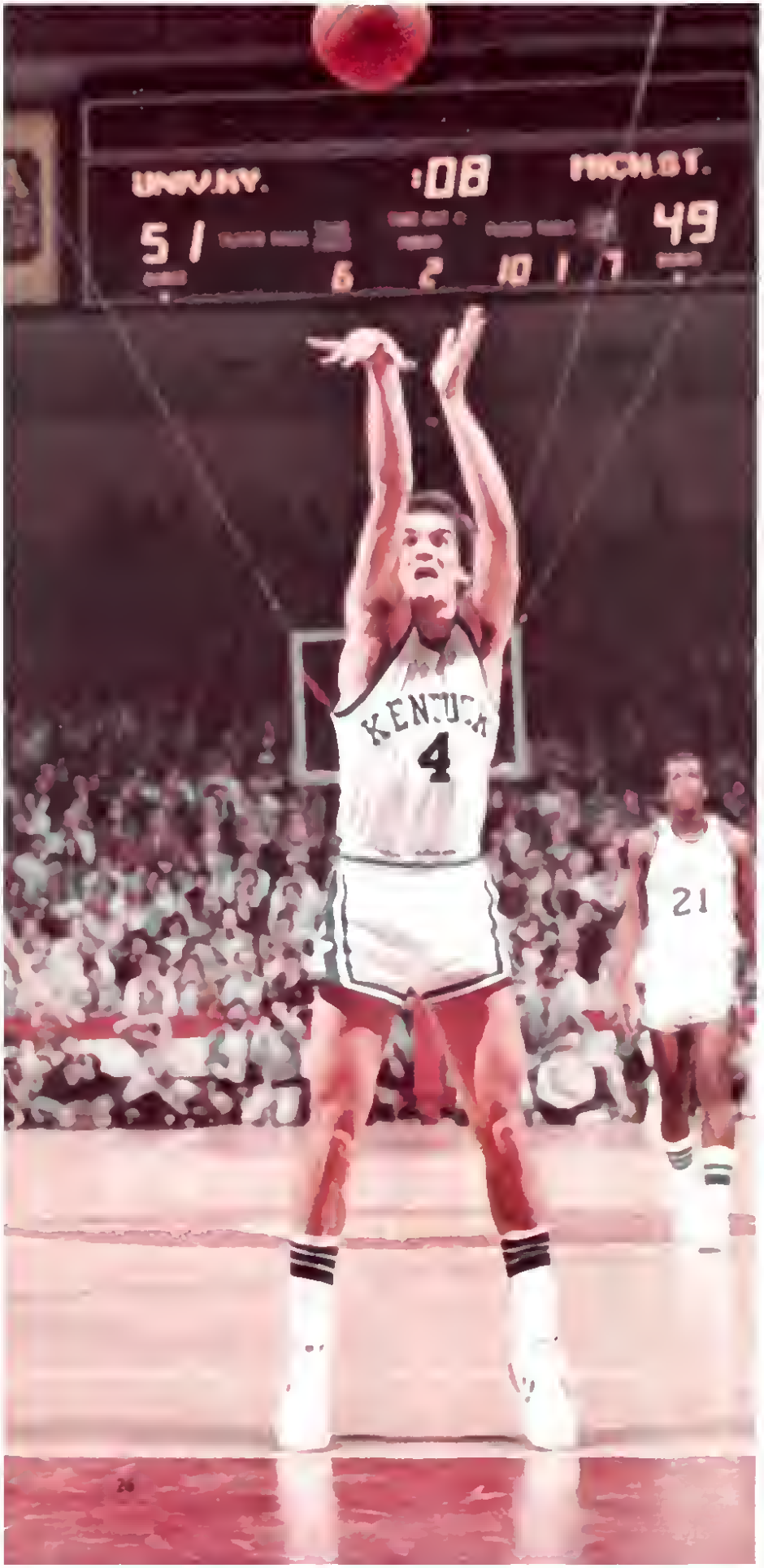
Brown ran the bravest race of all, and she suffered the most. "I walked," she said later, as attendants cooled her with ice. "Then I just couldn't see straight." She had collapsed and was taken to the finish by ambulance, her face pale and serene. In an hour she had recovered.

Monspart outlasted Angenvoorth for second, 2:51:40 to 2:51:53. "I train in cool woods on soft paths," the Hungarian said. "I'm not used to this heat and hard road. My feet have many reds and blues on them." Then her great eyes flashed. "It is good. Now I can go back to Budapest and say, look we can do it, we're good, now let's start organizing."

Cooksey embraced van Aaken and accepted a victory wreath. "I am motivated from inside," she said. "I don't even run for a club. You can get carried away with outside things, what people expect, material things. I just came to do my best. And to show that it is good enough for the Olympics." **END**



Marty Cooksey (28) ran Julie Brown (6) into exhaustion and then kept going to victory



THEY'RE A FEARSOME FOURSOME

When it became obvious that neither muscle nor magic would produce a winner in the championship game of the NCAA Mideast Regional at Dayton last Saturday, Kentucky's Kyle Macy stepped to the free-throw line, wiped his hands on his socks and scored the points that beat Michigan State 52–49. Macy does not have the size of his bruising teammates or the style of Spartan freshman Earvin (Magic) Johnson, but when the score is close and the time says now, he can coolly put the screws to you.

Macy's three-point play with 6:16 remaining broke a 41–41 tie, and his six straight one-and-one free throws in the last three minutes kept top-ranked Kentucky in front. After the last one went down, cool Kyle had the tournament's outstanding player award, and the SEC champions had a trip to the NCAA finals in St. Louis.

Macy's 18-point performance was quite the reverse of his showing two days earlier, when Kentucky defeated Miami University 91–69 in the regional semis. While five of his teammates were scoring in double figures, the sophomore guard was hitting one for three from the floor and scoring only two points, a puny performance for a player who had entered the game with a 13-point average on 55% shooting. Later that evening, while Coach Joe Hall was working on a

By sinking seven late free throws in a row, Kyle Macy clinched the Mideast crown for Kentucky

The NCAA regional champs, Kentucky, Arkansas, Notre Dame and Duke, are all so powerful that any one of them could finish up not singing the St. Louis Blues

by LARRY KEITH

plate of lasagna at a Dayton restaurant, he said prophetically, "Kyle hasn't even showed up yet. But Michigan State will know he's there on Saturday."

Macy is not the type of player you pay much attention to anyway, at least not on a team that includes the 6′ 10″ twin towers, Rick Robey and Mike Phillips; 6′ 5″, 230-pound James Lee; and 6′ 4″, 205-pound Jack Givens. "Even watching Kentucky kind of bruises you up a bit," said Michigan State Coach Jud Heathcote before the finals. "I hope it's a game, not a fight. If anybody ever came at me in a dark alley, I'd like to have those guys on my side." (In such circumstances, Macy would not be good for much more than holding the flashlight.)

Although Heathcote did not intend to be critical—"There is no substitute for aggressiveness and intensity, and I think you achieve that by being physical," he said—Hall bristled at that kind of talk. To him, "physical" is a polite way of saying "dirty." Hall retorted with vehemence, "We don't give forearm shivers. But we are athletes and not ballet dancers."

Just before the Wildcats beat Miami, Big Ten champion Michigan State defeated Western Kentucky 90–69. The Spartans also had five players in double figures, but unlike Kentucky, they got their balanced scoring by using finesse. Though Forward Greg Kelser and Guard

continued



Out West, Arkansas' Ron Brewer shot down the upset hopes of Fullerton by hitting a long jumper.

Robert Chapman each had 23 points, it was Johnson's magic that got the raves. Working mostly from the top of the key, the 6′ 8″ forward-guard whipped the ball inside for 14 razzling-dazzling assists. Even the most persnickety of onlookers did not seem to care that Johnson was shooting three for 17.

No one was more impressed, or more concerned, by Johnson's play than Hall. "I don't believe you can stop him," he said. "I can't tell you when I've seen a more exciting player. I really am afraid that he can beat us."

Despite the big buildup, the confrontation between muscle and magic never took place. The Spartans got a 27–22 lead in the first half, but not because of anything that Johnson did. Instead teammates Kelser and 6′ 8″ freshman Center Jay Vincent repeatedly used their quickness to beat Kentucky's man-to-man and take the ball inside for layups and dunks. Johnson occasionally got past Givens or Macy, but he slammed one shot hard off the glass and put up an air ball before finally twisting down the lane to jam a dunk late in the half.

Kentucky's real problem was trying to score against Michigan State's 2–1–2 zone defense. The Spartans took away the Wildcats' inside game by tightening up the middle, and lethargic Kentucky did not have good enough shooting or ball movement around the perimeter to loosen it up.

Kentucky got back into the game, and eventually won, because of two major adjustments made at halftime. It should not be forgotten that for all the Wildcats' talent on the court, they also have plenty of strength on the bench, in the person of Joe Hall. The week before, in a first-round victory over Florida State, Hall had shaken up his team—and Wildcat fans—by opening the second half with starters Givens, Robey and Guard Truman Claytor on the bench. This time he did not change his lineup, but he did revise his strategy. He went to a 1–3–1 zone that spread his big men across the middle and prevented Michigan State from penetrating. On offense, he told Robey to come outside and set screens to free Macy. After 10 minutes of the second half, Kentucky had battled back to a 35–35 tie, appropriately punctuating the occasion with Lee's booming dunk.

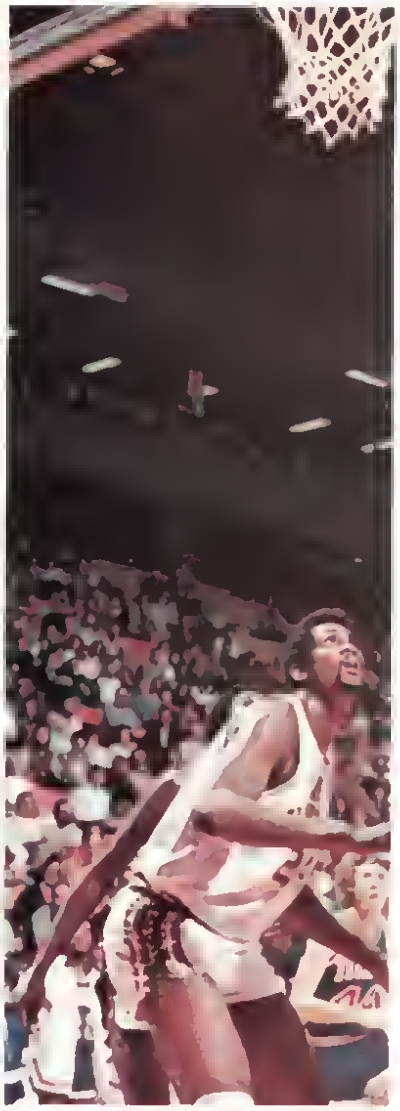
Hall actually got more than he had hoped for from his defensive adjustment. He tried the zone, though he feared Johnson might be able to maneuver through the seams. Instead, Heathcote took Johnson from the point and put him deep in the corner where he seldom got the ball and continued to shoot poorly when he did. "Earvin was neutralized by the zone," Heathcote said, "because a 1–3–1 keeps the point man from penetrating."

Hall's offensive adjustment, which he credited to Assistant Coach Leonard Hamilton, might have been wasted had the Wildcats not shot better in the second half. Macy was two for five in each period, but Kentucky's team percentage jumped from 40 in the first half to 57 in the second. The improvement was immediately apparent as Phillips, Robey and Givens used their size and strength to work inside for the Wildcats' first three baskets of the half.

Although Macy did not score every time he went around a Robey pick, he did draw fouls that either sent him to the line for two shots or put Kentucky that much closer to getting one-and-one bonus opportunities. And when the bonus came with 8:25 left to play, Macy, a 90% foul shooter, was ready for it. He scored nine of Kentucky's last 11 points, two on a jumper and seven on free throws that rarely touched anything but netting. For someone who once hit 114 in a row just fooling around in the gym, 10 of 11 for the game was hardly a feat.

In fact, the boisterous crowd and the two time-outs that Michigan State called when Macy was at the foul line with a one-point lead only made it easier for him. "The crowd made me concentrate more," he said, "and the time-outs let me get a breather."

A few more second winds like that may be all Kentucky needs to win the national championship.



With Bunch scoring a bundle, Cal State Who?

Tripucka gunned Notre Dame to Midwest title





soared past the Dons and out of obscurity

CLOSE, BUT NO GLASS SLIPPER

by Joe Jares

There are 28 public universities in California—a UC-Santa Cruz here, a Cal State-Stanislaus there. Last week, abetted by red carnations and rowdy fans, one of the least known of the 28 clawed its way out of obscurity for a few deliciously exciting moments and almost made it to the NCAA finals this weekend in St. Louis, which would have been the hoop equivalent of Slippery Rock getting a Rose Bowl bid. The creator of the drama was California State University, Fullerton, more popularly known as Cal State Who?

The Titans of Fullerton did not understand that they had no business being in the NCAA West Regional title game in Albuquerque last Saturday afternoon. They were up against Arkansas, the winningest (56–5) team in the nation during the last two seasons and a victor, two days before, over powerful UCLA.

The absurdity of the situation did not hit the Titans even when they fell 15 points behind in the first half, so they merely pressed, scrambled and shot until they made up all 15 points and went into the lead. Only a long-distance, rattle-around-the-rim jump shot and a steal with four seconds to go saved the Razorbacks' bacon 61–58. The Fullerton fanatics had been chanting, "We believe! We believe!" and at the buzzer, Arkansas and the rest of the country were believers, too.

Fullerton, originally named Orange County State College, was carved out of the citrus groves southeast of Los Angeles only 18 years ago, but it has almost 23,000 students. Until the past few weeks the school's top athletic accomplishments were an appearance by its baseball team in the 1976 College World Series and winning the national women's basketball title in 1971.

The Titans play their home games in a gym that now holds 3,150 people, because 1,500 balcony seats were declared unsafe. Their star player, Greg Bunch, was recruited only by the likes of Gonzaga and Eastern New Mexico. The school is mistakenly referred to as "Fullerton State" in the *NCAA Guide*, and its own press brochure is hardly the latest in slick publications. The Titans finished only third in a so-so conference, the Pacific Coast Athletic Association. Still, Coach Bobby Dye, his players and their fans believed.

The PCAA is one of those leagues that puts on a moneymaking postseason tournament that makes the regular schedule almost meaningless. Fullerton upset San Diego State and Long Beach State to advance to the NCAA's first round. Dye and his assistants wore red carnations in their lapels for the Long Beach game and decided to do the same against New Mexico, which came to the NCAAs with a 24–3 record and a No. 5 ranking. The Titans beat the Lobos 90–85 and suddenly the regional was without its host school and biggest draw.

Fullerton's fairy tale should have ended Thursday night in its second NCAA game, against USF. The Titans' 6′ 8″ center, Steve Shaw, would be no more able to handle USF's seven-foot, 270-pound Bill Cartwright than a man would be capable of cutting down a redwood with a cheese slicer. If Shaw's teammates sagged in too far to help, Winford Boynes, Chubby Cox and the other USF stars would have a field-goal festival.

Sure enough, USF led by 12 points at halftime, and Cartwright had 19. Then the Titans, accurate shooters and deft pickpockets, put on a press. USF's lead dwindled to three, and the teams battled evenly the last 15 minutes. With 2:38 to go, Cartwright was called for a charge, which cost the Dons an important basket, and that enabled Fullerton's Keith Anderson to win the game by canning a long jump shot with 0:05 to play. Fullerton had itself another miracle, 75–72.

In the other semifinal, some marvelous shooting by Marvin Delph (nine of 11 from the field) put Arkansas ahead of UCLA by as many as 16 points, and the

continued

Gminski's blocks led to Duke's semifinal win



Hogs led at the half by 13. Forward Jim Counce was keeping UCLA All-American David Greenwood away from the backboards, and Sidney Moncrief was putting the clamps on Bruin Guard Raymond Townsend. The Arkansas fans, sporting buttons that said HOGS ARE BEAUTIFUL, were ecstatic.

But the Hogs looked like dogs when UCLA started pressing in the second half, and soon their lead became a deficit. It seemed as if the Bruins were going to race past Arkansas and not stop until they had won their 11th NCAA championship trophy. Instead, Arkansas regained its poise, scored six straight points and held on for a 74–70 victory.

Last year Arkansas had been 15 points ahead of Wake Forest at halftime in the NCAA playoffs and had blown the game. The Hogs are a much smarter team now—so much so that one opposing coach says, "When you're playing Arkansas, you're playing six coaches."

You're also playing against the sharpshooting Delph. And against another 6′ 4″ leaper, junior Sidney Moncrief, the team's leading rebounder. And against 6′ 4″ Ron Brewer, the quarterback and penetrator.

"Three All-Americas. Three!" says Orville Henry, sports editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*, who after watching Oscar Robertson score 56 points against the Razorbacks in 1958 did not cover another basketball game for 12 years.

Surely this time, carnations or not, Cal State Who? would not catch anybody napping. Arkansas knew that the skinny forward, Kevin Heenan, with Jerry West's number (44) and Kareem Abdul-Jabbar's goggles, could shoot; that Bunch could score his surname; that Anderson and fellow Guard Mike Linden were lightning bugs.

When Arkansas led 39–24 at halftime, Fullerton had the Hogs where they wanted them—in complacency. Arkansas Coach Eddie Sutton warned his players that Fullerton would not quit. He was right.

Again the Razorbacks could not handle a press, and again they regained their poise, but only after Fullerton had gone ahead 58–57. Brewer brought the ball down and calmly tossed in a jump shot from the top of the key to regain the lead for Arkansas with 1:23 left. "It took courage for Brewer to take that shot," said Dye, "and he stuck it down deep."

With four seconds to go, Anderson had the ball for Fullerton, but instead of trying another long jumper, he dribbled into the middle. Moncrief or Counce or Brewer—each credited one of the others—knocked the ball away.

"It was as clean a steal as there was in the game," said Counce.

"I thought I was fouled on that last play," said Anderson, "but it's too late to cry now."

So Arkansas (31–3) is in the final four, the first time a Southwest Conference team has made it since SMU in 1956, but its victory was hardly greater than the triumph the Titans earned in their defeat. After all, no longer would basketball fans refer to the school as Cal State Who?

FINALLY IN THE FINALS

by Kent Hannon

A couple of distinguished coaching careers passed in the night during last week's Midwest Regional in Lawrence, Kans., as 64-year-old Ray Meyer saw perhaps his last fine DePaul team knocked out of the NCAAs by a rugged outfit from his alma mater, Notre Dame. At the same time, the Irish's 84–64 victory represented a milestone for their celebrated young coach, Digger Phelps, who, at 36, will be taking a Notre Dame team to the national finals after four consecutive years of losing in the opening round of the regionals.

"Every coach's dream is to make the final four," said Phelps, who broke into tears when his regulars came out of the game with 27 seconds to go and DePaul soundly beaten. "I was starting to feel like Bear Bryant with his bowl-game jinx. Now 28 of the tournament teams are gone, and we're one of the four left. You live for these moments."

Phelps had called the Midwest championship game a "subway series," because Meyer had been a captain at Notre Dame during his playing days in the '30s and because this DePaul team, Meyer's 36th, had upset the Irish 69–68 in overtime earlier in the season. To remind his players of the task at hand, Phelps, who is a big believer in blackboard slogans and the like, saw to it that cards reading DEPAUL 69 NOTRE DAME 68 were taped to each locker.

The game itself boiled down to the fact that Notre Dame's quartet of big, brawny frontcourt men—6′ 8″ Bruce Flowers, 6′ 11″ Bill Laimbeer, 6′ 9″ Dave Batton and 6′ 7″ Kelly Tripucka—were able to keep the ball away from DePaul's 6′ 11″ Center Dave Corzine much better than Louisville had in the regional semifinals Friday night. Of course, that isn't saying much. The Cardinals' pathetic man-to-man defense allowed Corzine to make 18 virtually uncontested baskets, including a little hook that fell through the hoop in the waning seconds of the second overtime to give Corzine 46 points and DePaul a 90–89 victory.

Against Notre Dame, Corzine scored only 17 hard-earned points and did not see the ball very often. Whenever he seemed on the verge of breaking loose, the Irish banged him around a little more underneath or crowded him farther from the basket. Then Tripucka would erupt at the other end of the floor.

After DePaul opened up a 29–21 lead, the intrepid freshman from Essex Fells, N.J. charged inside for three quick baskets, including a tip-in that gave Notre Dame a 37–33 halftime lead. Four baskets by Corzine helped put the Demons back on top in the opening minutes of the second half, but again it was Tripucka who rammed in six points in less than two minutes to push the Irish ahead 47–46. And the last two times that DePaul closed the gap to within a basket, Tripucka scored to keep the Demons at bay. Notre Dame then ran off 11 points in a row to lead 67–54, and with 5:13 remaining, the subway series was over.

Though both schools are relatively small Catholic institutions that believe in keeping a priest on their bench at all times, they are completely different in image and style. Notre Dame, as everyone knows, is the Camelot of collegiate sports, and Phelps certainly does nothing to downplay this. Owing to his the-world-is-our-oyster recruiting policy, Notre Dame's 14-man roster in St. Louis will not include a player from the state of Indiana.

DePaul, on the other hand, suited up only two players against the Irish who were from outside the Chicago area. However, when Meyer can convince some local talent to stay around home—as he did four years ago when he hung on to Corzine—the Demons can be exceedingly tough. They proved that on Feb. 11, when Corzine scored 23 points and Guard Gary Garland hit a last-second

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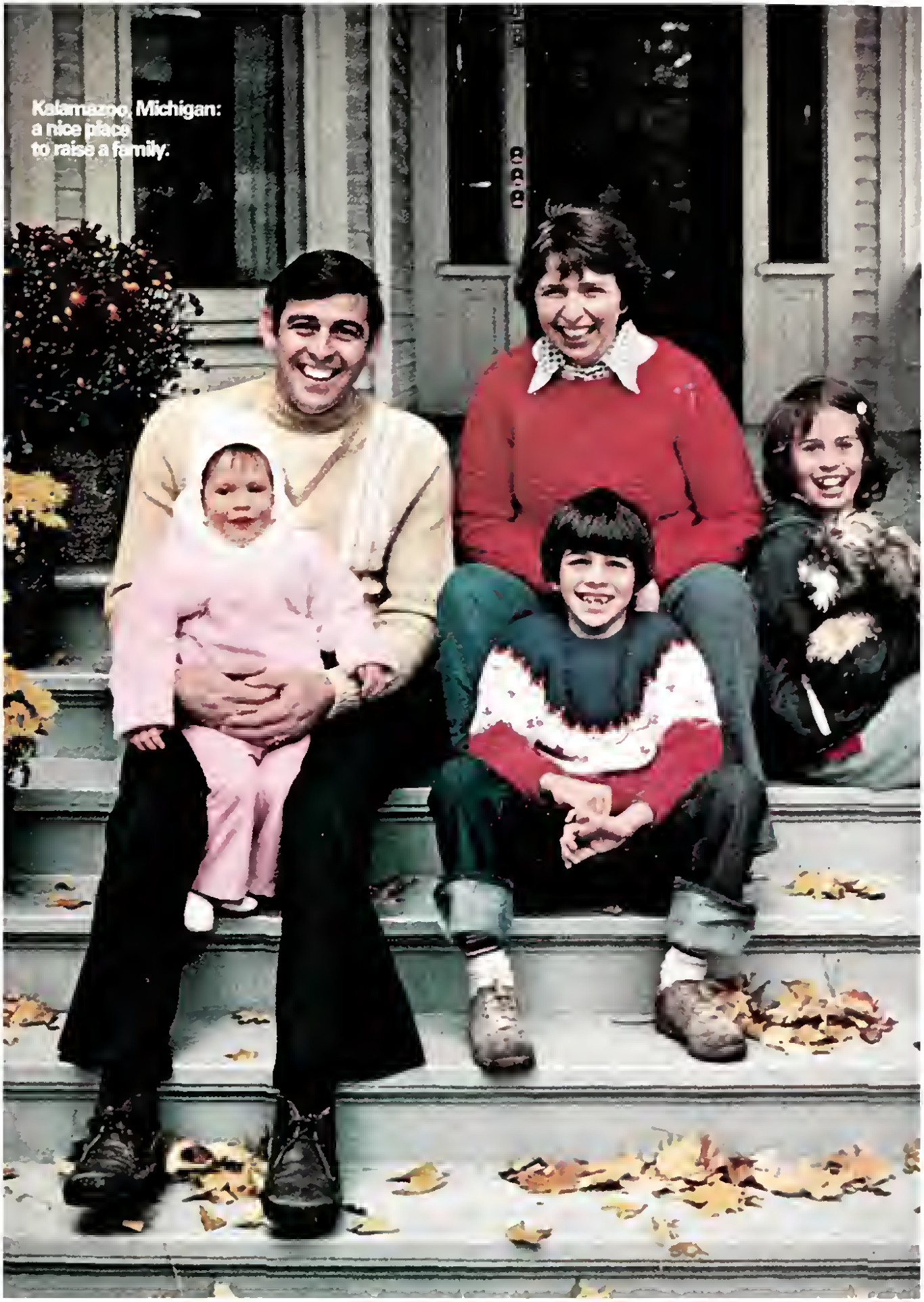
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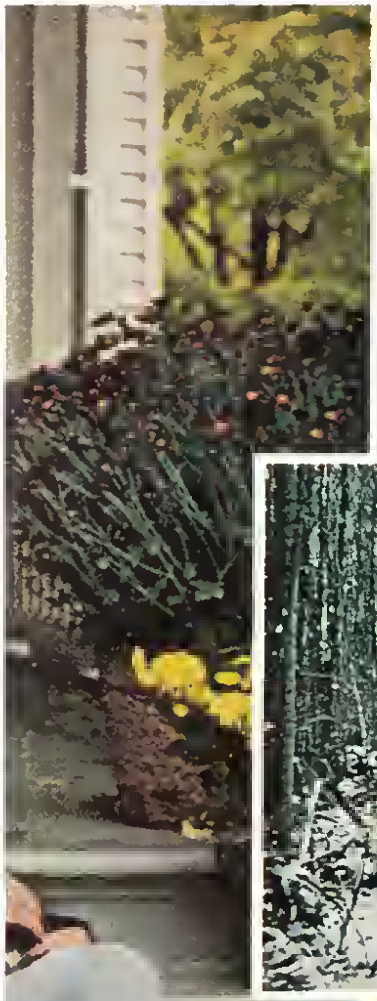
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jumper to beat the Irish at South Bend.

It was an embarrassing setback, coming as it did before a national TV audience. Notre Dame's vengefulness was enhanced last Friday night when the Irish players had to wait a long time for their postgame meal to be served because the staff of the Vista Drive-In was busy with an unusual order—300 Vistaburgers to go—for a DePaul party. No wonder Batton breached an unwritten rule, admitting that the idea of a rematch had crossed his mind even before Notre Dame had disposed of Utah 69–56 in the semifinals.

A gracious, three-piece-suited contingent away from the action, the Irish are not that pretty to watch—or that much fun to play against—once they get out on the court. They set 1,001 picks, and it is an unpleasant adventure trying to stop them. Tripucka, the tournament's outstanding player and Notre Dame's main source of energy and excitement, is totally uninhibited for a freshman. He will take the ball to the hoop against absolutely anyone, and he isn't terribly bashful with his non-playing elders, either. At picture day last September, he walked up to Notre Dame's 5′ 5″ Sports Information Director Roger Valdiserri and gave his bald head a massage. He also calls Athletic Director Ed Krause by his nickname, "Moose." What else?

"I guess all Jersey kids are a little crazy," says Tripucka. "But I like being real friendly, and I also like getting pounded on the court. I'll take the bucket or the free throws, it doesn't matter. I just enjoy the way I play the game."

Chances are that Duke, the Irish's next opponent, will not.

DUKE PUT UP ITS DUKES

by Bruce Newman

It was close, but in the end nobody died or anything, because just when the anemic East Regional looked as if it might expire right there in the Providence Civic Center from ennui or some other French disease, Duke discovered a set of muscles and Spanarkeled itself into the final four. After dawdling past Penn on Friday, the Blue Devils showed that the East, too, will have a national-champion-caliber team in St. Louis, by beating Villanova's overmatched Wildcats inside and outside, by beating them up and down the court, by beating them on the beaches and in the air. Mostly, Duke beat Villanova upside the head in a 90–72 rout that was close for about as long as it took Curt Gowdy to mispronounce the names in the Blue Devils' starting lineup.

The East was supposed to be the weakest of the four regionals, and despite a lot of hilarious disclaimers aired in Providence last week, it was. Duke, Villanova, Penn and Indiana brought a total of 28 losses into the tournament, which people were calling embarrassing things like the Least Regional and The Little Regional That Couldn't. The citizens of usually basketball-crazed Providence apparently could not have agreed more, they left 1,096 seats empty during the finals Sunday.

Villanova and Duke earned their berths in the championship game by winning a pair of semifinals that were so heart-stoppingly exciting and well played that they seemed flat out of place in the East. The Wildcats scrambled by Indiana 61–60 in the first game, and Duke had only slightly less difficulty with Penn in an 84–80 victory.

Villanova got its win by holding the Hoosiers, except for Forwards Wayne Radford and Mike Woodson, to two shots in the second half. In what was apparently a vain attempt to balance that out, the Wildcats' freshman forward, Alex Bradley, held himself to one basket in 11 attempts. A reporter asked Villanova publicist Ted Wolff if Bradley had been suffering from a case of nerves. "Fear is not a word in Alex' vocabulary," said Wolff. However, brick, air ball and rock were all in his lexicon, and they indicated a flaw in Villanova's game that would soon be telling.

Duke, which had played well only in spots during a 63–62 win over Rhode Island in its first-round game, continued its roller-coaster ride against Penn. Center Mike Gminski wandered through the semifinal looking as if he had lapsed into an irreversible coma until, with 8:20 left and his team trailing by eight, he blocked three successive Quaker shots and turned the game around. Afterward, Penn Coach Bob Weinhauer said that Duke was big but slow, an idea that had gained considerable cachet by Sunday. Unfortunately for Villanova, that kind of talk was not only wrong, but also served to arouse the Blue Devils. "The man did all that talkin'," Gene Banks of Duke was to say later. "He just went and made us mad."

If that's what Weinhauer did, Duke Coach Bill Foster should thank him all the way to St. Louis. The Blue Devils took the opening tip against Villanova and ran and ran and ran. Then they ran some more. With 6′ 5″ Guard Jim Spanarkel handing out assists with all the nonchalance of a Vegas dealer, Duke raced to a 21–6 lead in the first seven minutes and held a wide margin most of the way. Villanova did not help itself by throwing the ball away without a shot on four of its first six possessions, and the Wildcats didn't break into double figures until 8:35 remained in the half. Once before the intermission, they fell behind by 21. From then on, watching the officials try to figure out when to call the TV time-outs was about as exciting as the game got. Duke shot 78.3% in the second half—and 65% for the game—while all of Villanova's players seemed to have taken lessons from Bradley as they hit 41.8% of their shots.

Though Gminski and Banks give Duke a powerful inside game, the Blue Devils are essentially a running team. And it is Spanarkel who pulls the trigger on the Duke break. Against Villanova he was merely unbelievable, hitting nine of 11 shots for 22 points and getting six assists—two of them behind-the-back gems—en route to winning the tournament's Most Outstanding Player award—yes, that's what the citation says. "I think they underestimated our speed," said Spanarkel.

For Villanova, it was an unhappy finish to what had the makings of a heartwarmer. The Wildcats' last appearance in an NCAA regional final was in 1971, but you wouldn't know it by reading the official guide. Villanova star Howard Porter later was discovered to have played in the tournament even while his signature was on a pro contract. That no-no resulted in all mention of the Wildcats' postseason achievements that year being expunged from the records. Porter and his teammates became non-persons as far as the NCAA is concerned, and the only trace that remains of them is the word "vacated" where their scores and accomplishments once were listed. After having Duke jump up and down on them last week, the Wildcats must have thought that, all things considered, "vacated" sounded pretty good. **END**

A TIME FOR ALL US CHILDREN

A spring training idyll in which a father takes his son to meet that perplexing figure, his idol

by ***FRANK DEFORD***



The regulars are on the other diamond," I told him.

He is eight years old, and he nodded, but only blankly, as I led him in that direction. Then it occurred to me. "You don't know what *regulars* are, do you?"

"No," he said.

That hurt a little. Regular has always been a classic spring training term. The regulars have always reported after everyone else. The regulars have always been given time to get in shape. Everyone else has to struggle in spring training, bringing their arms around, scratching to make the squad. The regulars are in Florida at their leisure.

In the days when I was growing up, a regular anything was sufficient unto itself. There was no higher compliment than to be acclaimed a regular guy. A regular fellow! The regular Army was such a standard that men knew its members simply by initials: "He's R.A."

"Well," I said, "we are going to see Munson, Jackson, Chambliss, Rivers, Nettles—what do you call them?"

"Oh," he said, with instant recognition, "the stars." Verbal inflation is such that regulars have become stars, and mere stars are now superstars. Regular, such a proud, honest word, has been taken from us, appropriated by laxative ads. But never mind. That aside, little else of spring training has been modified. In a world in flux it remains downright immutable; also, pleasant and gracious.

So a couple of weeks ago I took my son, whose name is Christian, with me to visit a few camps. Baseball, more than any other, is a generational game. It speaks best across the years. There are so few things you can show children to illustrate the way it was. But the timelessness of spring training endures and should be shared—can be shared.

Bill Veeck, his good leg crossed over his peg leg, a fresh cigarette in his chops, stared across the sunny fields. To be sure, his White Sox were in sporty new-fangled uniforms, and only a few of them spit tobacco juice upon the greensward. "But it can never change," Veeck allowed. "The same atmosphere must always prevail, because spring training is first and always a time of dreams, of wishful thinking." I introduced my child to Veeck: it is a time for all us children.

Any kid who takes an interest in sports immediately designates a favorite player. The choice is often irrational, as in other affairs of the heart, but it requires neither apology nor explanation. A favorite player holds that estate because . . he's my favorite player.

Bill Russell, the great Boston Celtic center, used to argue with me that children had no business idolizing players; they should reserve such esteem for their own fathers, he said. I contended that it was a healthy sign for a kid to venerate some stranger who excels in the public arena. Somehow this extends a child, providing him with his first attachment to the larger family of the community.

Like most boys, I had a favorite player. His name was Bob Repass, and he played shortstop for the old minor league Baltimore Orioles. While I lived and died with Bob Repass ("Hey, Bob-a-re-pass!" we shouted), I do not recollect that he seriously diminished my devotion to my fa-

ther. On the other hand, the heritage of Bob Repass still resides with me. He wore No. 6. To this day it is my firm belief that six is my lucky number. Why? Because it is my lucky number, that's why. Because Bob Repass wore it when I was eight years old.

Chris Chambliss of the Yankees is my son's favorite player. Why? Because. And if you are to examine spring training through the eyes of a child, you must begin with the favorite player. Chambliss is an auspicious choice. He is a Navy chaplain's son, guarded, well spoken, a respite from the pinstripe turbulence all about him—"class," in sports parlance.

Chambliss was tired from practice, but he greeted us at his locker and, with time, warmed to the unusual task of addressing a shy child instead of a badgering journalist. "Spring training is always the fun time of the year," he told Christian. "Maybe we should keep that in our minds. Baseball is still a game, whether or not you're making money—and no matter how much. If you're not having fun, you miss the point of everything and it will hurt you, too, because eventually your performance will decline."

It has always been my impression that few top athletes are avid sports fans. These fellows succeed so easily at games—and from such an early age—that they have no need to transfer any of their sporting interest to the performances of others. This is the reason, I think, why so few of them can comprehend the manic affection in which they are held. Chambliss is something of an exception. He collected baseball cards when he was a kid and rooted for his favorites, the Yankees and White Sox.

"Listen, there's nothing wrong with having an idol," he told Christian. "The mistake is trying to copy the idol. That's no good. Try to be as good as your idol, try to be better, but don't ever try to imitate him. That's where an idol is wrong. Be yourself."

Before we spoke to Chambliss, we had watched the regulars (stars) practice. We had come into a piece of luck, because on this morning the regulars worked out on a distant diamond, hidden from all the world by armed security officers and banks of high green Australian pines. Probably on no other day all season would the world champions play together in such glorious seclusion. What might the regulars reveal in their rare privacy?

For the most part, they proceeded with professional dispatch. But there were diversions. Cliff Johnson, the monstrous slugger, was the most engaging presence, ever bantering, razzing his teammates—an amiable figure utterly in contrast to his huge, forbidding form. Otherwise, even a man from outer space would have recognized the two ascendant personalities: 15 and 44, Thurman Munson and Reggie Jackson.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS B. ALLEN

Forty-four had not been on the premises 10 minutes when he informed everyone that he would not be his usual self today because of a sore shoulder. The less his fellows responded with concern to this bulletin, the greater emphasis Jackson placed upon the next recitation. He alone of all the Yankees paid any sort of undue attention to Christian. In a lull, Jackson suddenly bellowed, "We gotta get this —— kid outta here so we can talk some ——."

The remark was addressed at large, with a smile, and Christian was rather pleased that the great man had paid him notice. Yet, while Jackson's comments were not offensive, they were consistent with the generally insecure posturing that he exhibited. In the end, I came away oddly embarrassed for 44.

By contrast, 15 seemed to move about confidently—tough, almost belligerent. And then came the moment. Jackson was standing behind the third-base side of the batting cage, telling yet another listener about his shoulder. Munson was 15 to 20 feet distant, walking away from Jackson toward the first-base line. I didn't hear precisely what Jackson said to the player next to him, but suddenly Munson tossed a ball in a high hook-shot arc that fell upon the netting in front of where 44 stood. "Some of us gotta work for a living, Jackson," Munson hollered.

The remark was gratuitous—rude, if not mean. Jackson hadn't even said anything to Munson. Jackson looked over at him, more hurt and baffled than angry. Munson smiled back at him, pleased. Christian tugged at me. "Why did he do that?" he whispered, confused.

This July, when I read the latest ex-

continued

clusive about how 15 and 44 really do admire and respect each other deep down inside, I will remember again this uneasy confrontation around the cage in Fort Lauderdale early in March. As petty as it was, it was starkly revealing.

Minutes later, Munson was catching batting practice. Johnson was hitting, Jackson was resting against the cage (his shoulder hurt him, he told the fellow next to him). Suddenly, to fill a vacuum, Jackson loudly called Johnson a familiar dirty name. Johnson called Jackson the same thing back. The other Yankees laughed. Christian snickered at the vulgarity, thrilled with being included in this coarse adult male society.

Then Johnson and Jackson started using the dirty word in meaningless ways, topping each other. With every repetition, the players would hoot and holler. Louder and louder, Jackson and Johnson Saying a dirty word for no reason but to hear it. And the others laughing. Regular knee-slapping Munson was beside himself. They were just like a bunch of little kids. Whatever these men thought of each other, whatever the travails of last summer, they had been away from one another for five months. They had been with people in suits and ties, with women and children, in the real grown-up world. And now it was spring training, the fun time, and they were children again, teasing and laughing at forbidden words said right out loud. I will remember that in July, too. "If you're not having fun in baseball, you miss the point of everything," Chambliss said.

Of all players, none ended the 1977 season more forlornly than Fred Patek, the shortstop for Kansas City. Because he is only 5′ 4″, by far the smallest player in baseball, there is a natural disposition to care about Patek, and so it was all the sadder when television showed him slumped alone in his dugout, in pain, beaten, anguished. He had been spiked and then had hit into a double play in the last inning of the last game of the playoffs, when the Royals had the pennant taken from them by the Yankees.



"Oh, it's all behind me now," he said. "The pain was gone after a few hours, the deep involvement after a few days. You have to start again. What hurt was wondering if I had done everything I could possibly do, and when I finally satisfied myself that I had, I was O K."

It was a hot day in Fort Myers, and Patek sat sweating and shirtless in the clubhouse, sipping a lunch of bean soup and Tab (alternately, that is, though could it really be any worse mixed?). He went on. "The thing that stays with you, though, is wondering whether you ever will get another opportunity to play on a world championship team. Someday, when I'm an old guy, will I look back in dissatisfaction and say, 'Well, I almost made it,' or will I be able to think that for one year I was one of the best players on the best team."

He asked Christian if he would like some Tab or bean soup. Christian declined; he was saving himself for franchise fare on the Tamiami Trail. But then Christian had a question for Patek. When we prepared for this adventure, I urged him to think up some questions he would like to ask, because sportswriters know too much (or think they do) and therefore ask only sportswriter-type questions. I was right. Christian's naive question was to elicit the most original explanation I have ever heard of slumps.

He asked Patek, "Do you ever get scared?"

Patek took a spoonful of bean soup and a swig of Tab and replied, "No, I've never been scared of other players, of spikes, of the ball." Pause. End of answer, it seemed. But then, "I'll tell you something. None of us ever understands why a player goes into a slump. I think that, all of a sudden, the player is scared of the ball. You need a lot of confidence to step up there against a pitcher, and it doesn't take much to shake that. It doesn't necessarily have to have anything to do with baseball. Our lives are too complicated to separate the game from the rest of it. Maybe you're having a fight with your wife You lose just enough confidence so that you get scared of the ball. You shy away from it. I've found that



the best thing you can do in a slump is admit that you're scared."

Patek is the ultimate regular. Because of his size he had more to overcome. To many kids, he is not just a hero but also a patron saint. And that goes not only for short kids, but also for fat kids, skinny kids, nearsighted kids. He has shown what you can do. "When I was a kid your age growing up in Texas," he went on, "I'd listen to all the games I could get on the radio. I was a Yankee fan. I still feel strange about them when we play. But I didn't have an idol. Every player was my hero. I thought baseball players were some kind of superior beings.

"When I finally got a chance to come to a camp, I was so grateful. To get ready, I ran five miles every day. I did sprints, I ran up and down the steps at a stadium. I thought everybody with a chance would do that. I thought, that's the way baseball players are. And then I got there, to the camp, and a lot of these kids with a chance weren't in shape. I couldn't believe these people could actually think they were professional baseball players and be like that. I was really disappointed. I was really hurt . . . for baseball."

One of the larger delights of spring training is its informality. In some places, like Sarasota, where the Pale Hose train, it positively resembles a garden party. Bill Veeck sits in the middle, entertaining visitors. Fans wander about, examining unknowns with strange uniform numbers in the 50s, 60s and 70s. Fundamentals are in bloom. On one diamond, the players practice relays from the outfield to third, over and over. On another, pitchers are fielding and firing simulated bunts to third, trying to learn by rote in March how to handle a situation they may not encounter until June or July.

Christian and I drifted over to the batting cages, where sophisticated machines were whirling in hard sliders. The kid was standing there awaiting his turn. His name is Thad Bosley, a tall and thin outfielder with a handsome baby face. Everybody thinks he can be a star, although he might require more seasoning. ("Seasoning" is the best spring training noun. The best verb is "find," always employed by the manager, who declares, "I don't want to go north before we find a centerfielder"—or long reliever, left-handed DH, whatever—as if this desired entity has merely been misplaced over the winter and will be discovered tucked away in the coat closet or the garage.)

Bosley is a thoughtful young man of 21. He had just taught himself to play the piano and was now beginning to master the flute. It was all a matter of regimen, of applying oneself, just like baseball. He referred to spring training, academically, as a time of "refining technique," but he also observed, philosophically, "You are foolish if you don't take the opportunity here to learn a great deal about yourself, too."

Bosley has played professional ball for five years and he has been up to the bigs briefly before, but this spring training is his real start. So, to be perverse, I asked him what he hoped to have at the end. He looked out thoughtfully toward the other players. "When I leave baseball," he said at last, "I would just like people to say, 'Thad Bosley, he could play the game.' "

Oddly enough, Bosley's spring training and the Hall of Fame, the shrine to the players who have completed the most glorious careers—the alpha and omega of major league baseball—share the same tempo and tenor. In between, where the score is kept, it is all big-city hurly-burly, but at Sarasota and the Hall the setting is tranquil. Dust to dust: spring training to Cooperstown, N.Y.

Every year, on a weekday in August, the new members are welcomed into the Hall of Fame in a ceremony conducted on a lawn adjacent to the place. Then, following a hot lunch, two major league clubs play an exhibition at the little stadium down the street. The fans spill over onto the field, which occasions a great many ground-rule doubles. Nobody minds a bit.

Last year the Twins and Phillies played (the Phils blew that one, too), and Ernie Banks led some oldtimers, dead and alive, into the hallowed diamond abbey. A number of the incumbent saints came back, and I directed Christian to them. It is his view that ballplayers are hands that write autographs; only incidentally are those hands attached to a body that plays baseball. "You ought to get that guy," I said, pointing him toward Musial or Feller, Campanella or Marquard. He didn't have the foggiest notion who they were. But what the hell, he didn't know who Ernie Banks was either. "Why are there so many Cub fans here?" he inquired.

The sun came through the clouds just as the mayor of Cooperstown began his welcoming address. There was red, white and blue bunting and the playing of *The Star-Spangled Banner*. On the platform, where the legends-in-their-own-time sat, the only artifacts were a huge plastic baseball and an American flag. That covered just about everything.

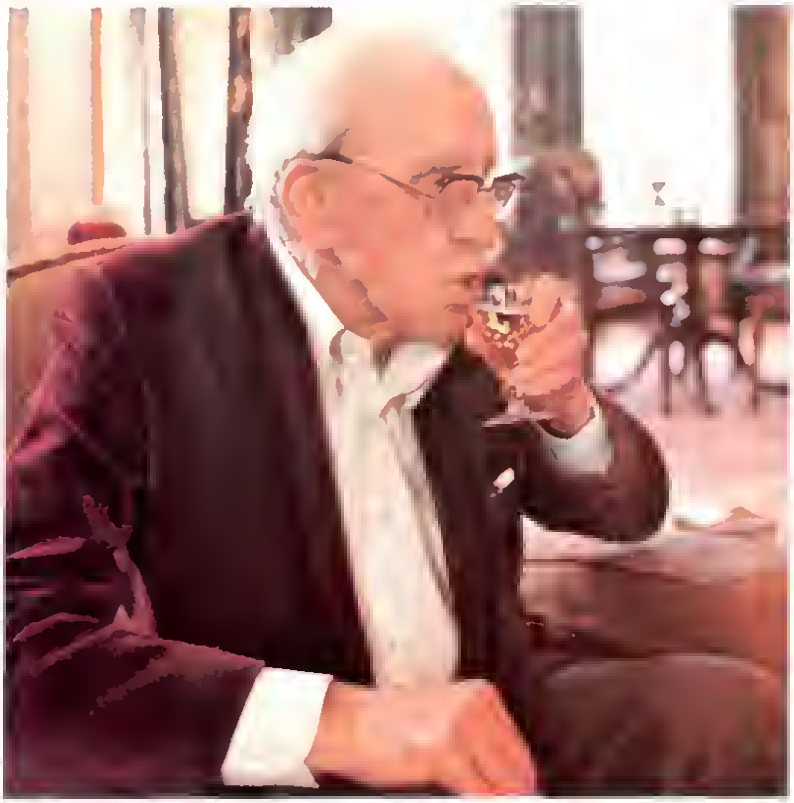
The commissioner read off Banks' name, and the place went up for grabs. He was proud and gracious, in a navy blue three-piece suit and a red, white and blue tie, and he concluded his remarks with this thought, "We got the sun out now, we got the fresh air, we got the teams behind us . . . so let's play two!"

I remembered all this as I watched the sun cross Thad Bosley's countenance. He had so far to go . . . and yet, it was all so much the same. Lay the first two down, Bosley, then take your cuts and run the last one out. **END**



ENGLAND IS HIGH ON RED RUM

A legendary 13-year-old steeplechaser who has won the Grand National three times is the betting favorite again this year ***by CLIVE GAMMON***



The old gentleman is 91. He sits close to the big coal fire, his shirt brilliant white, his smoking jacket a rich plum velvet. The heavy curtains are closed against the thin Lancashire sun and his eyes are alight with pleasure. "Hey, watch him now," he says, looking round to make sure everybody is paying attention. "Here's my old hoss now!"

The videotape he is running for his guests is almost five years old. It shows the Grand National Steeplechase at Aintree, Liverpool, England, March 31, 1973, the 135th running of the most grueling test of a jumping horse in the world: 4 miles and 856 yards over 30 fences that include The Chair, a 6-foot open ditch with a 5' 2" fence following it, Becher's Brook, with the treacherous water beyond the jump, as well as the gut-wrenching Canal Turn where the jockeys must change direction as they hit the turf. As a rough statistic, for every horse that has finished the

Noel Le Mare, Red Rum's owner, has had ample opportunity to toast his 'chaser, whose lameness diminished after saltwater walks near Liverpool

course over the years, two have fallen.

Almost two-thirds of the way into this 1973 film, though, there seems to be little drama left in the race. A huge dark brown Australian 'chaser called Crisp is almost alone on the screen as the 19th jump comes up. "I can't remember a horse so far ahead in the National at this stage," the commentator yells. The old man in the fireside chair hugs his knees impatiently. "You wait, son, you wait," he murmurs to the TV man.

Now coming into the picture but barely in contention, it seems, is a bay horse that looks pony-sized compared to Crisp. At the Canal Turn, six jumps from home, he is fully 20 lengths behind the leader. With three jumps left he has closed somewhat. At the last jump, with only 250 yards of the home stretch to race, there is still a 15-length gap. "Watch now!" the old man commands his guests. "Watch the legs on that big hoss!"

They seem to splay, rubberize, the jockey desperately trying to hold the big horse on line. And 40 yards from home the little bay catches him.

"That's my hoss, that is!" the old man tells us triumphantly. "That's Red Rum!" When the tape was made there were no pubs in England called the Red Rum or hotels where you could drink at Rummie's Bar. There are at least three of the former now and one of the latter. There was no sign of a Dutch production unit arriving to make a film called *Cred Crum*. Neither was there the need to hire secretarial help for Red Rum's fan mail, nor a rose named after him. There were no Red Rum key rings, buttons, T shirts, birthday and Christmas cards. Nor was there the opportunity to subscribe toward a life-sized statue of the horse. All these things have come to pass. In the last five years Red Rum has become the object of the kind of adulation that in England is usually reserved for a very few soccer players. The fervor of the sentimental cult Red Rum has engendered will reach a peak on the eve of the 1978 National, which the old hero, now 13 years old, will be contesting on April 1, for the sixth time, as—almost unbelievably—a 7-to-1 favorite.

In 1973, however, Red Rum's win was hardly the most popular in the history of the race. Public feeling, and a lot of the public's money, had been with Crisp, carrying 168 pounds to Red Rum's 145, and with Richard Pitman, Crisp's well-liked jockey. And even though Red Rum had set a track record of 9:01.9, the acclaim was no more than tepid. At the time, however, the English were not aware that a fairy tale with three Cinderellas was unfolding.

The first Cinderella was the old gentleman with the videotape, Noel Le Mare, the owner of Red Rum, though for him the fairy godmother waved her wand a considerable time ago. Now, in his big house at Birkdale, 18 miles *continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GRAHAM FINLAYSON



from Liverpool, where the British Open is sometimes held, the silver gleams and the carpets glow richly. His parents were penniless missionaries in India who came home to England without even the $100 their son needed to become an apprentice engineer. So at 14 years of age he shipped aboard a trawler. Somehow he taught himself engineering, though he was a merchant seaman until after World War I, when he borrowed $400 for a quarter share in a horse-and-cart construction company. This eventually became Norwest Construction, which was worth $10 million when Le Mare sold out and retired. He was into his 60s before he owned a racehorse.

"Alex Kirkpatrick trained that one for me," he says. "Old Alex. He's with the Lord now . . ."

The company looks suitably solemn. He gazes about quizzically. "And that means," he adds, "that he's getting a bloody good lunch right now." He turns to the videotape machine again.

Now it is Aintree 1974, with Red Rum looking like an easy winner, well clear of the American-owned L'Escargot. Then L'Escargot challenges. But unlike Crisp the year before, Red Rum does not give in. He shakes clear, sprints home and wins by seven lengths, the first horse to win the Grand National twice since Reynoldstown did it in 1935 and 1936. "You must have felt so excited," somebody says lamely. A quite unsuitable Groucho Marx leer crosses Le Mare's sharp features. He holds out his sherry glass for a refill and lights another cigarette. "I only get excited when I'm near a girl," he says.

The Red Rum hysteria really began after the second win, but Le Mare has more videotapes for his guests. Aintree 1975: Red Rum, conceding 11 pounds to L'Escargot, finishes second to Raymond Guest's horse. Aintree 1976: again second, carrying 12 pounds more than the winner, Rag Trade. And finally last year's race, run to a continuous wild roar, to a deafening chant of "Red Rum! Red Rum!" with the tears streaming down the cheeks of hardened bookies as the old horse, fighting off a ruck of challengers up to the third fence from home, comes in clear by 25 lengths.

Three wins, two seconds—incomparably the finest Grand National record ever achieved. And now, this spring on the eve of his sixth attempt, should you wish to make a pilgrimage to meet the old hero, you first have to locate McCain's Car Sales on a drab Birkdale street. You'll find it just above the railway crossing, opposite Shing Kee's Chinese Fish and Chip shop. Ask for Ginger McCain, who is Cinderella No. 2.

If the first element in the fairy tale was Noel Le Mare's rise from trawler deckie to millionaire, the second was his fondness, in his retirement, for heading to nearby Southport of a Saturday night for a few cozy gin and tonics at the Prince of Wales Hotel. Where, as he will handsomely tell you himself, it often seemed sensible to call for a cab for the homeward journey.

Most nights the cabbie was a tall, red-headed man in his 40s called Donald, or, more commonly, Ginger. McCain, who also could be described, not too unkindly, as an unsuccessful trainer of horses. It had taken him 13 years, training his own horses, to achieve his first win, 17 years to get his first paying client. He had a small used-car business and he ran a cab. The profits from both were badly eroded by his desperate infatuation with racehorses. Not with gambling but with the passionate desire to own and train winners. Buying at the cheapest end of the market, he normally acquired four-legged disasters. And when, one night on the road home from the Prince of Wales, he talked Le Mare into buying yet another couple of cheapies for him to train, it looked as if he had blown his best chance ever. They had the resounding names of Cambuslang and Bardolino. Cambuslang turned out to have a bad heart. Bardolino had to be put down. It seemed as if the Le Mare-McCain relationship would henceforth be limited to the drive between the Prince of Wales and Birkdale, especially since, during his first three years as a public trainer, McCain had just three winners.

But, somewhat amazingly, Ginger was given a second chance. Old Le Mare had always wanted a National winner. ("After that the Lord can take me," he had somewhat incautiously announced to the press after an early failure.) And in 1971 he commissioned McCain to buy him a horse called Glenkiln, which qualified for the '72 National. Glenkiln performed respectably in some early-season races, and three weeks before the big one, Le Mare called his bookie to put on an $800 bet. Sorry, said the bookie, but Glenkiln is not running in the National.

Ginger had blown it again. Thinking he was filling out a form declaring his intention to run the horse, he had actually withdrawn it. But this, of course, is a fairy tale. Moreover, nobody rises from deckhand to millionaire without acquiring some stoic philosophy. Not only did Le Mare forgive the appalling blunder, the following fall he allowed McCain to go *into* the market for *him again*. Ginger went to the Doncaster sales and spent $12,000 on a bay gelding called Red Rum. At the time he was not aware that Red Rum had been receiving treatment for a form of equine arthritis that is almost always the end of the line for a racehorse. Cinderella No. 3 was about to join the ranks.

If Red Rum had been human, social workers would be lined up to testify that he never had a chance. His dam, Mared, was seriously regarded as mad in the Irish

Ginger McCain's luck began changing when Le Mare authorized $12,000 for the purchase of Red Rum.



stud farm in County Kilkenny, where Red Rum was bred. As a colt at the sales, Red Rum injured himself in his box, limped in the ring and was knocked down for $800. Thereafter he was worked hard never to great effect. At one stage, in 1967, he was ridden by seven different jockeys in eight races. Altogether, he was worked on by five different trainers. In 1969 and '70, with a persistent cough, he went 14 races without a win. The following season he showed better form, winning three minor jump races. But on New Year's Day 1972 he was limping badly after a three-mile race in Yorkshire, his fourth race in a month. "Chronic pedalosteitis," said the vet. He also declared that the horse must have been in great pain each time his off-forehoof landed on the turf after a jump.

Treatment followed. Deep-heat therapy, gentle exercise. Two months later the stable had Red Rum racing again. He was in a collision with another horse, but raced five more times before the summer and was beaten each time, particularly badly beaten in the last. Red Rum was now seven years old. His owner decided to sell. Enter Ginger with his $12,000.

The day after McCain brought Red Rum home, he took him out, weaving through the used cars, over the railway crossings, through the Birkdale traffic and onto the beach. "Well, you use what you've got," Ginger says now, comfortable in the knowledge that the plan worked. Ginger had neither rolling grassland nor any normal practice track. What he had was Southport Beach, really the northern shore of the Mersey Estuary where the shallow tide creeps in at almost a walking pace over miles of sand. That summer morning he sent Red Rum off on a trot, and, to his horror, immediately discerned a noticeable limp. The luck of Ginger McCain, it seemed, had struck again. But though no one noticed at the time, the fairy godmother was picking up the old wand for a last swing. Red Rum's stable lad trotted him into the sea. When the bay horse came out of the water, he no longer limped.

That meant little at the time. The cooling property of the sea might have eased the pain temporarily. But the truth is that Red Rum never limped again after that morning wade in the tide, except at odd times for minor, obvious causes. And the salt water seemed to make Red Rum a different horse. In his first season with Ginger, culminating in the National win of 1973, out of nine races he won six and placed in the other three.

Now, on the eve of the '78 National, the saltwater and beach regimen continues. First, McCain harrows the sand to make the going softer and to get rid of any beer cans and bottles that have drifted in from Liverpool with the tide. On a gray spring morning, the sand stretching to a horizon so misty that it merges with the sky, the old horse is to be seen stepping daintily through the tide, snorting and loving it. "They say that sand shortens a horse's stride, that it is too firm, that kind of stuff," says Ginger. "I used to be criticized a lot. But other trainers are coming down to use it now."

Ginger has been criticized on other counts. A large section of a sentimental public feels that Red Rum should have gone into happy retirement after his '77 win. (It is fair to say that the same cry went up in 1976. And in 1975.) Hard-nosed racing men, perhaps justifiably, say that the horse is now kept and trained for just one race a year—the National—and they are borne out by the absurd way that the odds vary on the horse. Although Red Rum is the current National favorite at 7 to 1, he started a minor jump race a month ago at 25 to 1 and justified those odds by finishing last. "Training on the racecourse," is what some call it scathingly. Five starts this season (the English jump season runs from fall to spring), no wins. In 1976-77 he won a minor race early in the season, then ran six times without a win before his third Aintree victory.

McCain concedes. "Yes, he is now a specialist, a National horse. He's old, he needs a lot of distance. He can't concede 15 or 20 pounds to young 'chasers over short distances and small fences. We call these tracks where he gets beaten 'park' courses. He needs the 4½ miles of Liverpool, because even though as he has aged his speed has deteriorated, he has become the complete stayer. I'd like five miles, not 4½. Weight will bring donkeys and Derby winners together, and on these little park courses he's been handicapped right up to his Grand National form."

The workout this particular morning is short, and in McCain's kitchen, overlooking his stable yard, the fan mail is waiting. A lady in Singapore includes a plastic envelope for a hair from Red Rum's tail. A 13-year-old girl writes passionately, "Win for the fourth time. I'll die if you don't." There is an appreciative note from a Mr. Tiger Bennett of White Hill, Md. And a poem which ends, "Though carrying top weight/He's left them on the straight/In the roughest, toughest race of them all!"

"We'll do what we've always done on National day," Ginger says. "Final gallop on the beach Friday morning, evening stables, then my job's done. We'll have a bit of a party Friday night. Saturday morning everybody is tense. About 11 o'clock we'll pile in the car and call in on old Stan Wareing on the way—we've done that for the past five years—and we'll have a few bottles of champagne, get a bit lit up because by then we'll be feeling a little hollow in the stomach, a bit sick. And after the race, win or lose we'll have the booze, as they say."

On April 1 Tommy Stack from County Kerry, who won on him last year, will be riding Red Rum, and he will not even have the National jockey's customary "Liverpool Cocktail" of orange juice, champagne and glucose, because Tommy is a teetotaler and because he has only just recovered from a smashed pelvis sustained last September at Hexham Racecourse that had him in traction for 74 days.

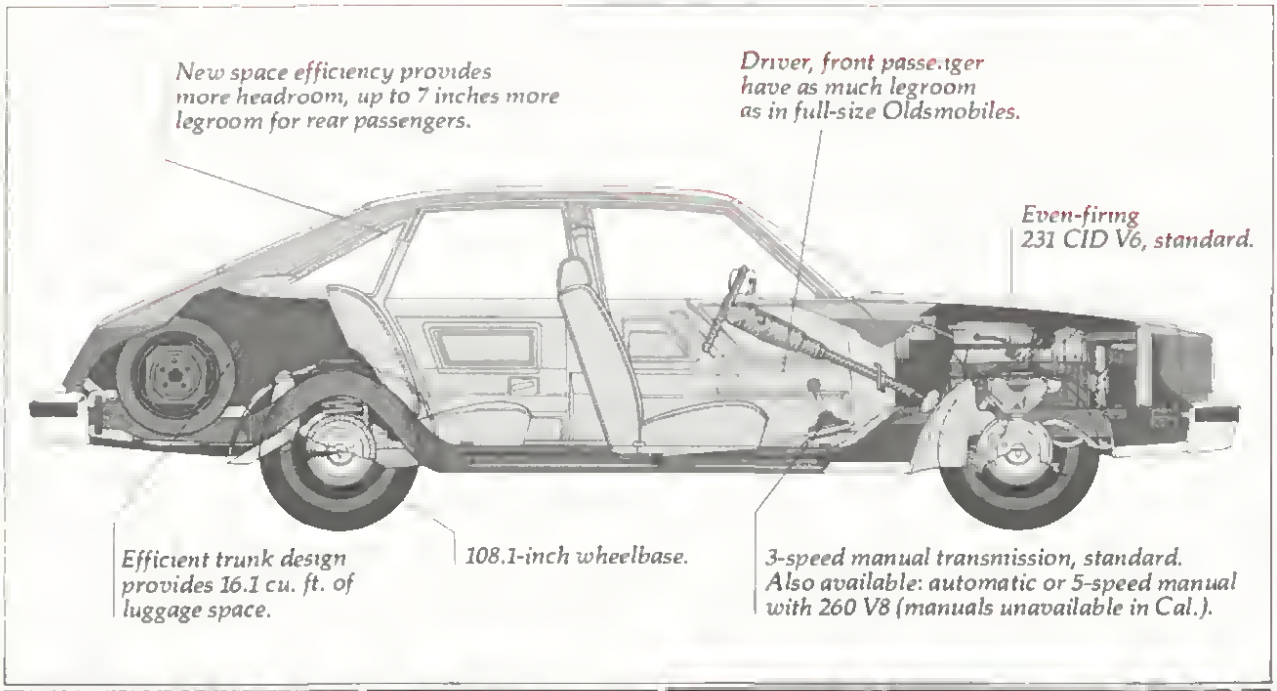
"Bloody *Kamikaze* pilots, these Liverpool jockeys," McCain says. "About 40 go in and eight come back. But Tommy will be riding the greatest old Liverpool horse ever. He's a bright old bugger. He knows the fences.

"He's the one that they all have to beat, 13 years old or not. And if he comes home in the first five or six, then that will be super—comes home safe and sound, not all knocked about. But I think you'd have to shoot him to keep him out of the first bunch.

"And you know, those horses, when they are coming down that far side, they get to Becher's Brook, there's still more than a mile to go. That's when it will start to hurt them. And that's when he'll have his old head down, battling on in his old way. If he isn't unlucky, if he isn't knocked over or brought down. But he makes his own luck, this Old Red."

In spite of the odds that make him the favorite, a fourth win is asking an enormous amount of the old hero. Should he win, there will be a champagne famine in England on April 2. And an old gentleman in Birkdale will add another treasured videotape to his collection. END

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on Saab 99 GL, Dasher, Datsun 510

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VW Dasher 4-dr Sedan	$6124*	97 CID 4 cyl., automatic*	29-20-23	37.6	40.9	53.9	37.2	31.7	53.3	12.1
Volvo 244A 4-dr. Sedan	$7595*	130 CID 4 cyl., automatic*	25-20-22	37.4	40.7	54.3	36.8	36.6	53.1	13.9
Datsun 510 4-dr. Sedan	$4863*	119 CID 4 cyl., automatic*	29-25-27	37.4	40.7	51.2	36.4	30.7	51.7	8.3
Saab 99GL 4-dr. Sedan	$7798*	122 CID 4 cyl., automatic*	26-20-23	38.1	41.3	53.1	37.5	35.9	52.9	20.7
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*Manufacturers' suggested retail prices for models shown equipped with automatic transmission, including dealer preparation; specific features will vary, car to car. California MSRP are: Salon, $4890; Fox, $6430; Saab, $7798; Dasher, $6209; Volvo, $7595; Toyota, $4994; Datsun 510, $4947. Taxes, license, destination charges and other available equipment additional. Cutlass Salons are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your Oldsmobile dealer for details

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KEEP THE BALL ROLLING

Pelé is gone, but Peter Frampton and six new teams are on hand as the NASL season opens on a key word: momentum

by J. D. REED

The Detroit Tigers were lounging around the pool at the Holiday Inn in Lakeland, Fla. one recent sun-washed afternoon, playing backgammon and otherwise soaking up the gentle essence of spring training, when one of the players looked up from his board and said, "What's that?"

Across a dusty field came a group of perspiring young men in the blue and orange Tiger colors—but wearing soccer shirts and shorts, not baseball uniforms.

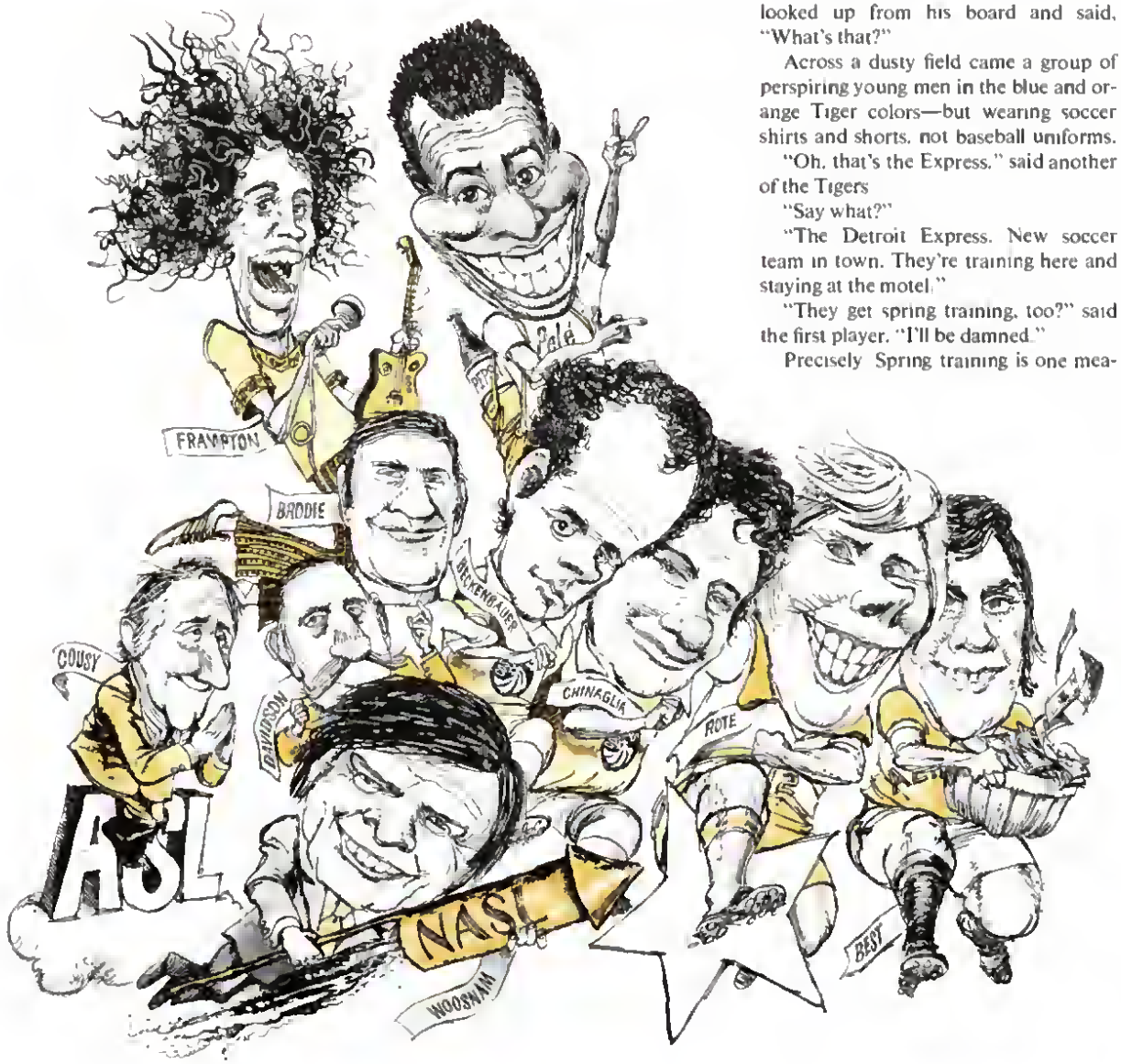
"Oh, that's the Express," said another of the Tigers.

"Say what?"

"The Detroit Express. New soccer team in town. They're training here and staying at the motel."

"They get spring training, too?" said the first player. "I'll be damned."

Precisely. Spring training is one mea-



sure of how far the North American Soccer League has come—and how far it is reaching—as it prepares to open its 12th season next week. Not only does the league now have its own Grapefruit Circuit, with teams from Toronto, Detroit and Minnesota headquartered in Florida, but it also has teams training abroad. The NASL champion Cosmos spent a few weeks in the Caribbean. So did Chicago. Philadelphia was off in Ireland.

Under indefatigable Commissioner Phil Woosnam, the NASL has also added franchises in Detroit, Memphis, Philadelphia, Colorado, Houston and New England, which brings the league to the bursting point with 24 teams. Put that together with the relocation of four misfires from last year—Connecticut to Oakland, Hawaii to Tulsa, St. Louis to Anaheim, and Las Vegas to San Diego—plus a thorough realignment of the teams into two conferences of three divisions each and you have an NASL (pronounced "nasal" by league types) with a distinctly new look. And the look, as everybody gets down to business, is, by and large, glowing. But that could fade as fast as a quickie Florida tan.

This will be a watershed year for pro soccer in the U.S. Last season, the sport got heavy attention from newspapers and television as a number of huge crowds filled stadiums from one coast to the other. At the forefront of all this was Pelé. Some soccer people will argue that the effect of Pelé-the-player on the league's growth has been exaggerated, that the game's time had simply come. That may be. But Pelé is retired now, gone to the heaven of Warner Communications as an "ambassador" after turning down $10 million to play two more seasons for the Cosmos. The question is: Will the ball keep rolling without him?

In 1977 the NASL broke all its attendance records, drawing 70,000-plus crowds to the New Jersey Meadowlands to see Pelé and the Cosmos, and filling stadia in Seattle, Minnesota, San Jose and Dallas. For 1978, season-ticket sales are up almost everywhere. At this time last year, the Cosmos had sold barely 3,000 season tickets; this year they have sold 18,000. San Jose has already sold 12,000, and Minnesota 11,000.

The Great American Hoopla Machine, under lease to the NASL, is cranked up to deliver yet another season of the kind of living-color promotions that helped peddle the sport in such cities as Tampa, Dallas and Minneapolis. This year the Washington Diplomats feature a Zulu tribesman, Andries (Six Lights) Maseko, a winger who, following an ancient ritual, is said to shave his head before games. In Oakland, the Stompers, whose name has to do with crushing grapes for wine, will have a chimpanzee swinging on the goalposts, plus cheerleaders called the Corkpoppers.

Optimism is the order of the day, though a few people around the league have misgivings. The Minnesota Kicks' coach and president, Freddie Goodwin, says, "Expansion was too fast, too big. I wish it could have been done slower. It puts such a burden on the American player pool, the established teams and scheduling that it's dangerous." It should be remembered, too, that last year only Minnesota and Seattle finished in the black, and that only half the 18 teams averaged better than 10,000 in home attendance.

The American Soccer League, the poor relation of the NASL, has added two teams for a total of 10. But Commissioner Bob Cousy is nevertheless cautious. "Even *our* attendance was up last year, and I credit that to a spillover of interest in Pelé," he says. "But I wonder honestly if things aren't going to level off and even slip back a bit."

With 24 NASL teams nosing through England for talent during the winter, the English Football League put a temporary freeze on player transfers. English teams are now demanding, and getting, twice as much money for players as they did last year. The Cosmos purchased Winger Dennis Tueart of Manchester City for close to $500,000, a record for an English player.

In last winter's NFL-style draft, NASL teams signed 65 U.S. collegians and drafted 16 high schoolers because they are obliged to carry additional American players. League rules require that two Americans must start this season—the number was one last year and will be three in 1980.

A fair answer to the question of whether the ball will keep rolling is a resounding "probably." Chicago president Clive Toye, the man who signed Pelé and Franz Beckenbauer to the Cosmos, says, "We'll miss Pelé in an emotional sort of way, but his going will have no effect on soccer now." Shep Messing, who played goal for the Cosmos and signed this year with Oakland, says, "Pelé gave the Cosmos credibility, the Cosmos gave it to the league, and now we're on our own. I'm not even afraid to leave New York. It's simply happening."

Happening it may be, but not simply. In the NASL offices in New York, Commissioner Woosnam reflected on the mounds of paper work that now engulf him. The league staff, he noted, numbers 27 as compared to three just a few years ago. "I feel like Pete Rozelle must have in the early '60s," he sighed. "It's like riding a rocket ship. If Pelé delivered the media to us, we must keep it coming.

"Our absolute priority is a network

continued



television contract for a Game of the Week by 1979 and all *three* networks on board by 1980." This season TVS, an independent, will screen six regular-season games nationally, plus two playoffs and Soccer Bowl '78 on Aug. 27.

"Expansion and relocation was done with just one thing in mind," says Minnesota's Goodwin, "to cover the major TV markets." The league now resembles a Roone Arledge market-share dream. Each team will play a 30-game schedule, up four from last season, and 16 teams will qualify for postseason berths, guaranteeing American-style playoff agony.

For reasons that may have something to do with the dynamics of the business, many of the new NASL franchises are hooked into pop music. Peter Frampton, Paul Simon, Mick Jagger and Rick Wakeman are four of the 17 owners of the Philadelphia Fury—and they all have real money in the enterprise. Jim Guericio, a half owner of the Colorado Caribou, is a rock-music producer and ex-manager of the group Chicago. Elton John still lends his name to the L.A. Aztecs, and in Oakland, a Stomper minority owner, rock impresario Bill Graham, has visions: "We'll have Linda Ronstadt singing the national anthem, and I'll back her up on accordion."

Frank Barsalona, one of rock's top talent agents and a spokesman for the Fury, says, "Soccer is where rock people can be directly involved, and the demographics are the same, entertainment for the 14-to-35 age group. But we're not going to put on rock extravaganzas at halftime or anything. This is a business. Lipton owns the New England franchise and they're not going to give away tea bags up there."

But when Rochester, one of the league's poorest-drawing teams, plays in Philadelphia in midseason, and the Rolling Stones just happen to be appearing across the way—the group's manager, Peter Rodgers, happens to be another of the Fury owners—well, Mick Jagger and friends might just come over to watch the game, swelling attendance into the fainting category, and, well, that's soccer biz, folks.

While fast footwork will probably sustain soccer until network TV arrives, the sport may well succeed for another reason. Soccer is a game that is captivating the young. John Brodie, the ex-49er quarterback, and former Raider Defensive End Ben Davidson are minority owners of the Stompers. "I can't get my son to a football game," says Brodie, "but he never misses soccer. He knows the players, the tactics, the moves—the way I used to know football. I wanted to get into it while the sport was young and vital."

Young and vital. Today spring training and rock stars. Tomorrow? Network TV and the world.

SCOUTING REPORTS

NATIONAL CONFERENCE

With only one relocated team, Tulsa, and only one expansion franchise, Colorado, the National Conference wins the NASL Early Season Equilibrium Award. Among its 12 teams are the Cosmos, winners of Soccer Bowl '77, and the Seattle Sounders, who lost the championship game. But equilibrium never won a game and nothing is certain in the NASL save that, although their roster already outclasses the rest of the league, the Cosmos will cheerfully spend another bundle if they can find a new superstar to buy.

With or without him, the Cosmos will win the title for the third time in 12 years. Coach Eddie Firmani will field two former World Cup-winning captains, Carlos Alberto (Brazil, 1970) at sweeper back and Franz (The Kaiser) Beckenbauer (Germany, 1974), arguably the world's best player, at midfield. Striker Giorgio Chinaglia scored 15 goals (fourth in league scoring) in 1977; paired with fast and accurate English Winger Dennis Tueart, a newcomer, he should better that figure this season. Goalie Shep Messing is gone but replacement Jack Brand from Rochester will be adequate, and there are a number of other first-rate players.

Coach Domagoj Kapetanovic took a year off after winning Soccer Bowl '76 with the **TORONTO METROS-CROATIA**. Now he's back with the league's most ethnically oriented team. Besides Goalie Zeljko Bilecki, who topped the NASL with 10 shutouts last year, Toronto has a swarm of fast and fierce Croats, plus Forward Ivair Ferreira of Brazil. Toronto should improve on last year's 13–13 and keep the Cosmos honest.

The league's most interesting record was achieved by the **ROCHESTER LANCERS** in '77: Coach Dragan Popovic kept his job all season—not bad, considering that the Lancers have had 18 coaches in 11 years. Mike Stojanovic (14 goals) will again spark the offense and Defender Miralem Fazlic will try to shore up the back. The Lancers must play more aggressively away from home; last year they were 1–12 on the road. This season nine of their last 14 games are at home, which may get them into the playoffs again.

Only two starters return to the **WASHINGTON DIPLOMATS** lineup. Gordon Bradley, a former Cosmos coach, intends to produce an attacking, un-British style of play. Because Bradley is a Briton, as is star Forward Ray Graydon, this may not be so easy. The Dips, who were 10–16 last season, should be interesting to watch nonetheless, with new Winger Andries (Six Lights) Maseko (in South Africa, he once got six goals in a game and his name went up in lights on the scoreboard after each one), and Yugoslav Forward Mike Bakic, obtained from Rochester.

In the Central Division, the **MINNESOTA KICKS** (16–10) are favored to repeat as divisional winners, although they will have to struggle with Dallas (18–8). Coach Freddie Goodwin will not abandon the English long-ball style; he plans to augment it with new Defender "Total" Tony Want from the English First Division. Want's job will be to clear the ball quickly up to speedster-scorers Alan Willey (14 goals) and Ron Futcher (11).

The only original franchise still operating, the **DALLAS TORNADO**, features American Coach Al Miller and a dozen American players, led by Kyle Rote (he's dropped the "Jr."), whose improved general play made him the team's leading scorer (11 goals) last season. With the league's stingiest keeper, Ken Cooper (0.90 goals-against), tough Defender Steve Pecher, who was the team's MVP, and Miller's concept of "total attack," the Tornado might blow out Minnesota.

Potato chip heir H. Ward Lay's **TULSA ROUGHNECKS** are in their third city in as many years (San Antonio and Hawaii were the predecessors). Only one player, Defender Charlie Mitchell, remains from '77. Former Chicago Coach Bill Foulkes' more intriguing early acquisitions in-

continued

Sweepstakes Contest

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SPALDING

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The elders of golf cling stubbornly and successfully to the concept that their game should not climax annually at one gala event, a Super Bowl of golf. Instead, there are four celebrations of golf every year. The four tournaments, and their 1978 dates, are:

- Masters Tournament—April 6-9—The Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Georgia
- U.S. Open Championship—June 15-18—Cherry Hills Country Club, Denver, Colorado
- British Open Championship—July 12-15—Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, Fife
- PGA of America Championship—August 3-6—Oakmont Country Club, Oakmont, Pennsylvania

Different organizations conduct each of the four. Consequently, each has its own identity and luster. They also have distinct flaws.

The term Grand Slam was filched from the card game bridge. It was first applied to golf in 1930 to describe the monumental achievement of Bobby Jones who won the U.S. and British Amateurs and the U.S. and British Opens—in one season. As an amateur Jones was not eligible for the PGA Championship. The Masters did not yet exist. Jones founded it four years later.

Grand Slam, as a golf term, was retired when Jones himself retired from competitive golf at the age of 28. It was revived 30 years later when Arnold Palmer went international—to play in the 1960 British Open after winning both the Masters and the U.S. Open. Palmer failed, but only by 1 stroke. The excitement generated by Palmer's quest assured that from then on, the world of golf would buzz with conjecture until the winner of the Masters failed to win one of the other three components of the new version of the Grand Slam.

There is no doubt about the exalted status of the four components of the modern Grand Slam. When the One Great Scorer takes from a golfer his ability to hole 4-foot putts under pressure, that golfer's career is measured in terms of how he performed in the four major competitions—not on the basis of four events won, and certainly not in terms of money. Golf money has become as relevant as Monopoly money.

Jack Nicklaus won $284,509 in the U.S. last year but made it quite clear that 1977 was a disappointment for him because he failed to win one of the big four. Nicklaus is preeminent because he has won 14 of them. Gary Player is a distant second with 8.

The PGA of America has honored one of its members with the title "Player of the Year" since 1948. Only twice has the award gone to a golfer who failed to capture one of the special four that year, on the other hand, the leading money-winner, has not been "Player of the Year" 14 times.

So the atmosphere of golf crackles four weeks of every season. Tom Weiskopf shows a hint of the majesty that could be his, the intensity of Hale Irwin becomes palpable, Johnny Miller is hard put to remain insouciant, and Arnold Palmer rekindles his dream. The hunt begins anew every April at Augusta.

Because its stage is 200 irregular acres, a major golf tournament is an administrative nightmare—but the annual production of the Masters Tournament at the Augusta National Golf Club is sublime.

Grandstands and mounds provide an abundance of vantage points, the scoreboards are lucid and accurate, gallery control is accomplished by a discrete dispersal of Pinkertons, you can even get a first-rate chicken sandwich and a Coke without having to cash a check.

The drama of The Masters is enhanced by the simple device of not allowing distractions inside the gallery lines. There are no marshals, no lady scorers dressed in purple hoping to get on camera, no boys lugging scoring standards parallel to the ground—assuring they will never be read, no swarms of reporters and photographers—constantly at war with the spectators whose view they block. Attention is directed as it should be, only on the players.

The Masters may be the hardest ticket to get in American sports. Figures are never revealed, but an educated guess is that a maximum of 25,000 are sold. Even members of the club are limited to a specified number. They have been known to plead with friends to sell an extra ticket to an event they, in effect, own. The Masters has ignored inflation. A ticket good for every round costs $40 and includes parking.

The timing of The Masters is fortunate. Just then, in early April, those north of Georgia can use verification that spring will come again. The flowers at the Augusta National Golf Club tell us that, before long, the dogwood will bloom at home as well.

The Masters was the inspiration of two men, Bob Jones and Clifford Roberts, who were also responsible for the creation of the Augusta National Golf Club. The Jones connection was enough to make the event something special. Roberts, a crusty investment banker, was a painstaking administrator. He missed nothing. Jones, having lived to see the Masters grow to the apex of the game, died at 69, in 1971. Roberts died last fall at 84.

The tournament was launched in 1934 as a special invitation event, since Jones did the inviting. He even played in it. It was very pleasant, but winning it was not considered the foundation of a great career.

The Masters became what it now is a few years after World



LEFT TO RIGHT CLARENCE J SCHOO PRESIDENT EISENHOWER CLIFFORD J ROBERTS, BOBBY JONES, SENATOR ROBERT TAFT AND SHERMAN ADAMS AT AUGUSTA

ADVERTISEMENT



GENE SARAZEN—WON THE 1935 MASTERS WITH A DOUBLE-EAGLE ON THE PAR 5, 15TH

War II Between 1949 and 1954 Ben Hogan and Sam Snead consecrated the event by winning it in five of six years And 1954 was also the year of Billy Joe Patton, an engaging amateur, who stayed with Snead and Hogan until the 13th hole of the last round

Golf was first effectively displayed on television near the end of the 50s Roberts used the medium brilliantly to exploit the Masters He controlled television coverage of an event as no one else has in American sports At Augusta, CBS has spoken only when spoken to.

The Masters field is small—usually around 90 players Most are Americans who qualify entirely on their records, e.g., by finishing in the top 16 of the previous U S Open, or by winning any PGA Tour event during the previous 12 months

Foreigners, invited subjectively, add a special touch to the Masters, as do the cluster of amateurs



HORTON SMITH—
THE MASTERS 1ST WINNER 1934



THE 13TH HOLE AT AUGUSTA

The field may be too small There has been an explosion of talent in the last decade Many very gifted players, a rung below the highest rank, do not play at Augusta. The Masters would seem more valid if the field could be enlarged to 120 players

The Augusta National Golf Club

The designers were Dr Alister Mackenzie and Bob Jones Mackenzie was an Englishman of many talents He was first a surgeon, one of Britain's leading authorities on camouflage during World War I and, last, a golf course architect His credentials include every golfer's dream—the Cypress Point course on California's Monterey Peninsula.

Augusta has been tinkered with incessantly with mixed results The revised design of the lovely, watery 16th by Robert Trent Jones, was a great success However, the bunkers in the drive zones on the 2nd and 18th seem not to fit the course, and the shifting of the tee to the left, in order to make the 18th a better hole for spectators,

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Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Georgia

Out	3,520 yards	36
In	3,520 yards	36
Total	7,040	par 72

Record 64, Lloyd Mangrum, 1940, Jack Nicklaus, 1965



Card of the course

No 1	White Pine	400 yards	par 4	No 10	Camelia	485 yards	par 4
No 2	Woodbine	585 yards	par 5	No 11	Dogwood	445 yards	par 4
No 3	Flowering Peach	360 yards	par 4	No 12	Golden Bell	155 yards	par 3
No 4	Palm	220 yards	par 3	No 13	Azalea	485 yards	par 5
No 5	Magnolia	450 yards	par 4	No 14	Chinese Fir	420 yards	par 4
No 6	Juniper	190 yards	par 3	No 15	Fire Thorn	520 yards	par 5
No 7	Pampas	365 yards	par 4	No 16	Red Bud	190 yards	par 3
No 8	Yellow Jasmine	530 yards	par 5	No 17	Nandina	400 yards	par 4
No 9	Carolina Cherry	440 yards	par 4	No 18	Holly	420 yards	par 4

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made the proper drive on the 10th into a big, sweeping hook.

The wide open spaces of the course are also questioned. There is no rough so that the colossal hitters, like Nicklaus, Weiskopf and Tom Watson, are unduly rewarded for their power.

These considerations, however, pale before the basic accomplishment of Mackenzie and Jones. They set out to build a course that would be a joy for the cronies of Jones and, at the same time, serve as a proper examination for the greatest of players. They succeeded.



BEN HOGAN 1950 US OPEN CHAMPION. MERION GOLF CLUB

The U.S. Open became the most significant golf tournament anywhere during the 1920s when it became apparent that the best players came from the United States—especially Jones and Walter Hagen.

It is the showcase of the United States Golf Association which reigns over American golf and has such diverse responsibilities as writing and interpreting the playing rules for both amateurs and pros, running 10 different national championships, providing agronomists as golf turf consultants, issuing a national handicap system, testing golf equipment, and watching over the stiff-breathing body of the amateur golfer.

The method used to determine who gets to play in the Open is grandiose. More than 4,000 enter. Qualifying occurs on two levels, local and sectional. Before a ball is struck in the Open proper, it has been preceded by more than 70 distinct preliminary competitions. Approximately 35 players are exempt from qualifying.



ARNOLD PALMER 1960 U.S. OPEN CHERRY HILLS GOLF COURSE

The qualifying system seems to work in that virtually all the current Pro Tour leaders qualify. So do some 50 club pros and amateurs who often become instant celebrities. Last year it was Gary Jacobsen, playing out of nowhere, a failure on the "mini-Tour" circuit, who finished 5th. In 1967 it was a $40-a-week assistant pro, Lee Trevino, who won $6000 at Baltusrol and decided to have a go at the tour.

The Open has been won four times by three players—Scottish-born Willie Anderson in the early 1900s, by Bob Jones, and finally by Ben Hogan—between 1948 and 1953. Nicklaus, who is not displeased when he is called the greatest golfer ever, knows he is one Open victory short of Jones and Hogan. Winning a fourth would mean much to him; should he then win a fifth there would be no further need to identify the greatest of golfers.

The USGA and the host club take great pains to prepare the course. Fairways are narrowed, the rough is grown in two layers—like a birthday cake, and the greens are very firm and very fast. The idea is to put a premium on accuracy, as opposed to distance. No one is good enough to put the ball on Open greens consistently from the lush rough.

Critics suggest that the USGA treatment goes beyond the pale, that the game played during the Open does not, in any way, resemble the game played by millions as a recreation, for that matter, it isn't what the touring pros see every week either.

How difficult are Open courses? Think of it this way.



TOMMY BOLT HURLING HIS DRIVER FROM THE 18TH AT CHERRY HILLS 1960



Cherry Hills Country Club, Denver, Colorado

Out	3,324 yards	35
In	3,759 yards	36
Total	7,083 yards	par 71

Record: 65, Arnold Palmer U.S. Open 1960

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Card of the course

No. 1	399 yards	par 4	No. 10	437 yards	par 4
No. 2	419 yards	par 4	No. 11	594 yards	par 5
No. 3	323 yards	par 4	No. 12	203 yards	par 3
No. 4	429 yards	par 4	No. 13	382 yards	par 4
No. 5	543 yards	par 5	No. 14	466 yards	par 4
No. 6	168 yards	par 3	No. 15	208 yards	par 3
No. 7	364 yards	par 4	No. 16	419 yards	par 4
No. 8	229 yards	par 3	No. 17	550 yards	par 5
No. 9	432 yards	par 4	No. 18	460 yards	par 4



CHERRY HILLS COUNTRY CLUB
DENVER COLORADO

you could get rich in a hurry betting a 12-handicap player (who shoots 87 at home) that he won't break 100 on the Open course.

The Open concluded with 36 holes in one day from its inception in 1895 through 1964. It was billed by the USGA as "the greatest day in golf." Some, including USGA officials, considered it "the most confusing day in golf." In any event, the standard four-day format was adopted in 1965. Since then the Open has seemed a little bit more like other tournaments.

Cherry Hills Country Club

The last Open at Cherry Hills was one of the best. Palmer won his only U.S. Open by playing one of the game's most celebrated rounds. Seven strokes behind starting the last round, Palmer played the first nine in 30 and came in with a 65 to win by 2 shots. Palmer indicated what he was up to by driving the green on the 346-yard first hole.

The runner-up to Palmer was Nicklaus, then a 20-year-old amateur. Nicklaus was paired with Hogan for the last two rounds. By then Hogan was a bad putter. Exquisite shotmaking, even for Hogan, enabled him to stay in contention until the 71st hole. On the final day Hogan hit 34 consecutive greens in regulation figures.

Par at Cherry Hills will be 71. The overall length, 7,083 yards, seem formidable. Actually, Cherry Hills will "play" short. The thinner air in mile-high Denver offers less resistance to a ball in flight. Just as Jim Turner of the Broncos boots field goals longer and higher at home so too will the 1977 Open field get a distance bonus. The Colorado Golf Association adds a distance factor of 7% in rating Denver courses for handicap purposes.

Cherry Hills, with the Rockies as a backdrop, is scenic and subtle. If the malefactors of great rough in the USGA get the growing season they want, and the greens start shimmering, Cherry Hills can be the best kind of Open course—a lot of birdies and a lot of double bogies.

The course is imbalanced in that the first nine has four short par-4 holes, at least 2 too many. The great holes are the 14th, which demands a very precise second shot to a green flanked by sand and water, and the 18th. The drive on the 18th, with a lake on the left and a boundary on the right, is formidable. For the Open, the hole will be a par-4 of 480 yards.

One of the Open's magic moments happened in 1938 at Cherry Hills. Ray Ainsley put his ball into a creek on the 16th. He thought he could play it out of shallow water. He couldn't. He failed a couple of times and then began to swat at the ball in a manic state. Eventually he holed out in 19—the most strokes ever made on one hole in a U.S. Open.

The British Open

Although the British Open has been played 117 times since 1860 it has been staged on only 14 courses. The British are trying to tell us something. The message goes like this: you don't have a true championship unless you play very near the sea and on a true links course. The etymology of "links" is cloudy. Today, it's generally taken to mean a strip of sandy soil built up along a coastline. It should be barren of trees and the wind has to be fierce.

The resurgence of the British Open is one of the more pleasant episodes of golf. The grand old event seemed less consequential after World War II when, with two notable exceptions (Snead in 1946 and Hogan in 1953), the American stars stayed home.

Arnold Palmer and the intercontinental jet changed that in 1960 when Palmer made a pilgrimage to St. Andrews having already won the Masters and our Open. He finished 2nd in his first British Open and returned to win the next two years. Nicklaus joined Palmer as soon as he turned pro. He has played in the last 16 British Opens. The influence of Palmer and Nicklaus is such that it was certain other American stars would follow.

The British Open has become golf's international jubilee. The field has the cream of the American tour along with representatives of as many as 30 other nations.

Alas, there have been all too few natives near the top of the game recently. Since 1952 Great Britian has batted 1 for 26 in its own championship. England's Tony Jacklin became a national hero by winning the British Open in 1969. He followed that with an equally impressive performance in the 1970 U.S. Open, which he won by 7 strokes. Jacklin then bought a mansion, a number of automobiles, and exiled himself to the channel island of Jersey for tax reasons. Little has been heard of him here recently.

The British Open is conducted by the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, Scotland. (The R&A's cable abbreviation is "Ancient.") It seems fitting that in a nation without a written constitution the game of golf should be presided over by a single club. Indeed, the R&A is deferred to by national golf associations in more than 50 countries.

The British are in a class by themselves when it comes to staging public events, like funerals. Spectators at their Open can divert themselves indefinitely without even watching the golf. There are a vast array of temporary structures, called "the tented village." Visitors can buy everything from a cashmere sweater to a condominium at a Portugese golf resort. One tent is set aside for the sale of champagne—nothing else.



LEFT TO RIGHT BOBBY JONES, TED RAY, CHICK EVANS AND HARRY VARDON



TONY LEMA—
1964 BRITISH OPEN CHAMPION

Survival of the fittest.

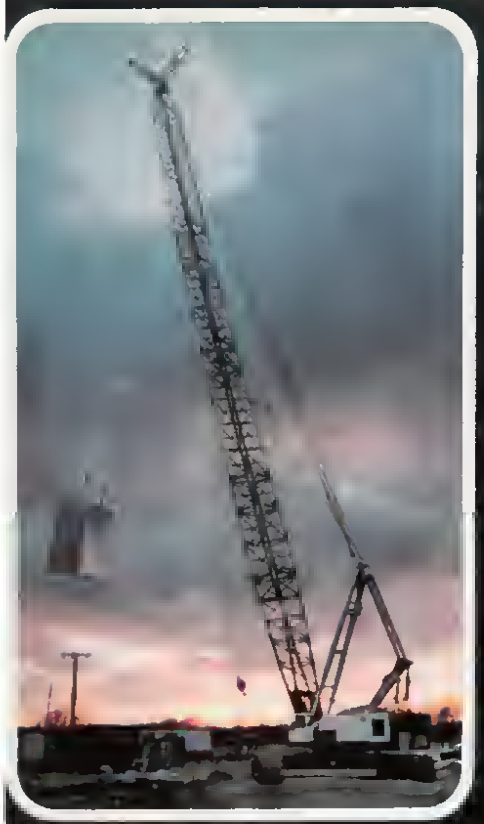
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Then there are the British Open grandstands This year they will hold more than 11,000, of which 6,000 will run beside and behind the 18th hole There is no sound in golf to compare with that which greets the winner as he approaches the 18th green at a British Open

The British have become condescending about the relative lack of grandstands at our Open They refuse to understand that even the USGA dares not uproot trees surrounding the 18th holes of a Winged Foot or Medinah The Sierra Club might ban golf

British Open weaknesses? The cosmopolitan nature of the field tends to lessen its overall quality, course conditioning expertise and technology seems to lag, and some of Britain's grand old courses require a stiff wind if they are to be worthy adversaries of the best golfers

No matter, because the British are definitely doing something right. The British Open champions, since 1970, have been Nicklaus, Trevino (twice), Weiskopf, Gary Player, Johnny Miller and Tom Watson (twice).

The Old Course at St. Andrews

The Old Course is golf's shrine, the best known course in the world The first documentation of golf at St Andrews was a license, dated Jan 25, 1552, granting the community the right "to play at golf, futball, schuteing . with all other manner of pastimes."

Until 1764, a round of golf at St Andrews consisted of 22 holes, 11 holes straight out and the same 11 back, only in reverse order and using the same fairways, greens and holes

In 1764 the R&A decided the course be a better test if the first four holes were converted into two, this meant that the last four would also be reduced to two The result: an 18-hole course That's why golf is an 18-hole game

The courses at St Andrews (there are four, but the other three are bland) are not owned by the R&A They are publicly-owned and anyone can play for a modest fee The courses are managed by a "joint links trust," composed of local residents and R&A members.

The Old Course has always elicited high expectations from visitors and, very often, it has let them down The course, at first sight, doesn't look much like a golf course It is flat, lacks definition, and seems unfair, even whimsical It will, however, grow on you Pat Ward-Thomas, the English bard of golf, has written "It can be as tantalizing as a beautiful woman, whose smile is a temptation and a snare, concealing heartbreak and frustration for some, joy and fulfillment for others, but possession only for the very fortunate few It does not yield its ancient secrets lightly or take kindly to contempt and impatience, but it does reward those who give their best in thought, temper and technique"

Quirks of the Old Course include seven enormous double greens. Two holes are cut in each (only four holes have their own greens) Then there are the bunkers, everywhere, all natural and some even relics of the time when people dug for shells



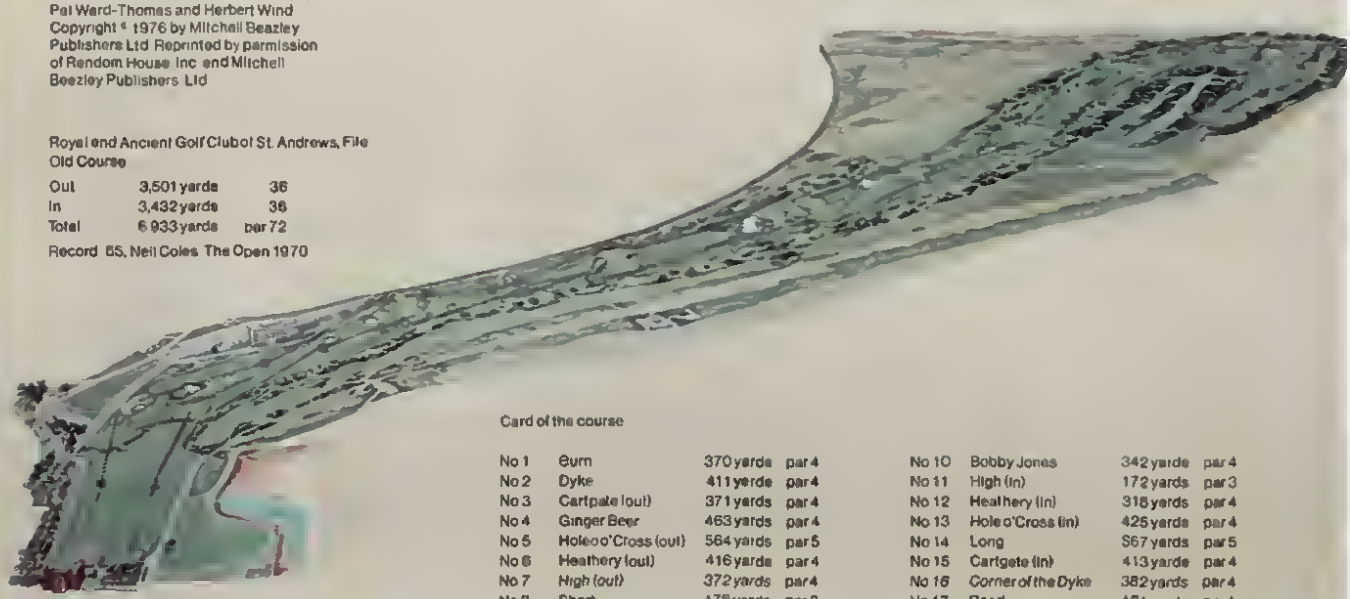
THE OLD COURSE, ROYAL AND ANCIENT GOLF CLUB OF ST ANDREWS, FIFE

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Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, Fife
Old Course

Out	3,501 yards	36
In	3,432 yards	36
Total	6,933 yards	par 72

Record 65, Neil Coles The Open 1970



Card of the course

No 1	Burn	370 yards	par 4
No 2	Dyke	411 yards	par 4
No 3	Cartgate (out)	371 yards	par 4
No 4	Ginger Beer	463 yards	par 4
No 5	Hole o'Cross (out)	564 yards	par 5
No 6	Heathery (out)	416 yards	par 4
No 7	High (out)	372 yards	par 4
No 8	Short	178 yards	par 3
No 9	End	356 yards	par 4
No 10	Bobby Jones	342 yards	par 4
No 11	High (in)	172 yards	par 3
No 12	Heathery (in)	318 yards	par 4
No 13	Hole o'Cross (in)	425 yards	par 4
No 14	Long	567 yards	par 5
No 15	Cartgate (in)	413 yards	par 4
No 16	Corner of the Dyke	382 yards	par 4
No 17	Road	461 yards	par 4
No 18	Tom Morris	354 yards	par 4



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WATSON AND NICKLAUS DUELING ON FINAL DAY, 16TH TEE, TURNBERRY, SCOTLAND 1977

before there was a course They have names, like Hell, Ginger Beer and the Principal's Nose And who ever heard of a course made up two par-5s, only two par-3s and fourteen par-4s?

Some of the par-4s, especially 9 and 10, are both short and uninteresting Ah, but the 17th, the great Road Hole, is fascinating The proper drive crosses the property of the Old Course Hotel. The green is protected on the left by a wicked bunker and on the right, by the road itself When a ball comes to rest on the road it is not out of bounds and the road, though paved, is not considered an obstruction—which means no free relief Good players who lie 2 on the road can often stagger away, having made 7

The 1978 British Open will be the 22nd for the Old Course The first took place in 1873 The last was in 1970, when Nicklaus beat Doug Sanders by 1 stroke in a playoff That was the occasion when Nicklaus gave to golf its equivalent of Babe Ruth allegedly predicting a home run in the 1934 World Series Nicklaus took off his sweater on the 18th tee, a suggestion that he meant to hit one hard He then drove his ball over the green The 18th hole measures 354 yards

When Bob Jones, in 1958, was given the "freedom of St Andrews"—the first American since Benjamin Franklin to be so honored—he said "I could take out of my life everything except my experiences at St Andrews and I'd still have a rich, full life"

The Championship of the Professional Golfers Association of America will be the most compelling golf competition ever played—when and if one player captures the first three legs of the Grand Slam Until then, it will probably remain a notch below the other three in terms of prestige and worldwide attention

The event is conducted by the parent PGA, not by the PGA Tour, the latter being the name of the players group that brings us all the weekly scrambles for dollars and glory The PGA Tour is affiliated with the parent body but it is virtually autonomous.

PGA officials insist that theirs is the strongest field of the four They are correct, if by strength is meant an assessment of the skills of every player in the field Yes, the PGA field is deeper in talent It is not, however, as interesting because it includes only those foreigners who are regulars on the PGA Tour, and no amateurs

The Championship has a colorful history It was inaugurated in 1916 and was played at match play until 1957 Then, beginning in 1958, it was converted to stroke play and stripped of much of its identity. The change, a blow to traditionalists, was understandable Match play is a risky financial enterprise because the favorites may be eliminated before the last couple of days Match play also presents great technical problems to television since there is no way of knowing where and, more critically, when a match will end

The argument that stroke play produces a more worthy champion is spurious It is no accident that the two best match play records in the history of the U S Amateur Championship were compiled by Jones, and Nicklaus and Lawson Little. In fact, the most unlikely achievement in the history of professional golf may have been that of Walter Hagen who won five PGA titles at match play in the 20s—four of them consecutively

The reputation of the PGA Championship suffered after World War II from an inability to attract invitations from quality courses Between 1946 and 1959 the only exceptions were Scioto, in Columbus, O and Oakmont, near Pittsburgh This failing has been both recognized and rectified Beginning in 1977 the three year line-up was Pebble Beach, Oakmont and Oak Hill in Rochester, N Y

The Championship, in addition to a large money prize, offers an ancillary prize of inestimable value Its winners are exempt from all qualifying on the PGA Tour for a decade

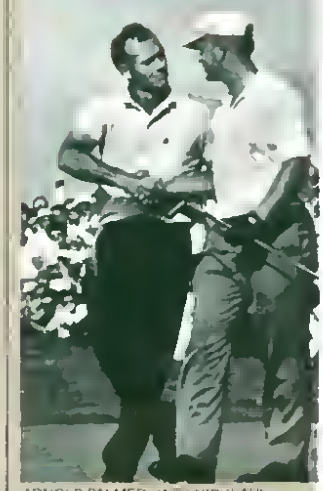
So the PGA has, with improved administration and excellent course selection, moved ahead Still and all, imagine what it would have been like to have the last day of the 1977 Championship a 36-hole match between Nicklaus and Watson

The Oakmont Country Club

Oakmont, in the view of its members, was raped and pillaged in the 1973 U S Open Championship, won by Johnny Miller's 63 on the final day. They thirst for revenge and, if the PGA is not able to restrain them, the winning score may soar to 299—which is what it took Sam Parks to win the 1935 Open at Oakmont



THE CHURCH PEWS BETWEEN THE 3RD AND FOURTH HOLES AT OAKMONT



ARNOLD PALMER, JACK NICKLAUS 1962 U.S. OPEN PLAYOFFS AT OAKMONT

Oakmonters insist that Miller's incredible round could not have happened save for an early-week storm and the mistake of allowing the automatic watering system to run all night All that water took all the fire out of Oakmont's greens



JOHNNY MILLER 1973 US OPEN CHAMPION AT OAKMONT

The U.S. Open

Mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED GOLF SWEEPSTAKES
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The Masters

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The winning score will be _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone No _____
Citizen anything less is merely _____ on your hands
Top-flite, beats the other leading balls by _____ to _____ yards

The P.G.A.

Mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED GOLF SWEEPSTAKES
P.O. Box 2060 Westbury New York 11591
Not later than August 3, 1978

The winning score will be _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone No _____
Year after year, _____ jobs come to Clark
Lanier's new vest pocket

The British Open

Mail to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED GOLF SWEEPSTAKES
P.O. Box 2060 Westbury, New York 11591
Not later than July 12, 1978

The winning score will be _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Phone No _____
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2. Enter as often as you wish but each entry must be mailed separately to: Sports Illustrated Grand Slam of Golf Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 2060, Westbury, N.Y. 11591. Entries for each sweepstakes must be received no later than the day the tournament for which the entry is submitted begins as follows: Masters, April 6, 1978; U.S. Open, June 15, 1978; British Open, July 12, 1978; PGA, August 3, 1978.

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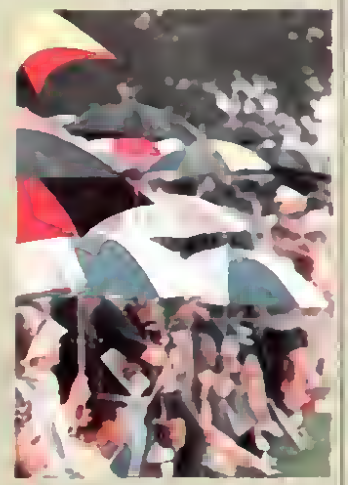
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6. **For a list of major winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Sports Illustrated Golf Sweepstakes Winners, P.O. Box 2494, Westbury, New York, 11591.**

Ah, Oakmont's greens At their best, or worst depending on your vantage point, they become the world's fastest They are shaved at 3/32 of an inch (twice as low as the acceptable height on a course groomed for a big event) and they are watered just enough to keep the grass alive

Lovers of Oakmont decry the present-day abomination of overwatering and overfeeding golf courses until they become



THE GALLERY AT OAKMONT COUNTRY CLUB



THE 9TH HOLE AT OAKMONT COUNTRY CLUB

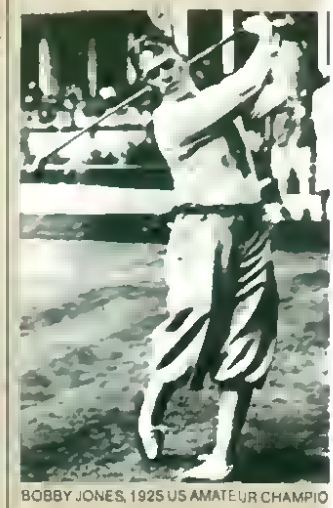
cemetary green. So what if the greens show a touch of brown on television as long as they putt true and fast They also gag when an announcer, as a phrase of praise, describes a green as "holding real well" They miss the point. A green that retains balls coming into it, like a pudding, is a bad green The green that holds only balls struck precisely is a good green

The slightest twitch on Oakmont's greens can be fatal Poor Harry Cooper, perhaps the best player who never won a major championship, had a great chance to win the 1927 Open until he putted off Oakmont's 17th green—into a bunker

Oakmont is not a pretty course It is bisected by a terrible scar in that the Pennsylvania Turnpike separates 11 holes from the other 7 No, the course is dour, harsh, in the best Calvinist tradition

As befits a penal course, Oakmont is loaded with sand There are more then 180 bunkers In a singular inspiration of sadism, Oakmont's founders decided that the sand should be furrowed A special rake, huge and awkward, was created for the purpose When a ball nestled down in a furrow, the goal was to get it out, not get it close Today there are no furrows The original scruffy-looking river sand has been replaced by a softer and whiter brand The new sand simply will not stay furrowed. That's what happens when golf is confused with cosmetics

BY FRANK HANNIGAN



BOBBY JONES, 1925 US AMATEUR CHAMPIO OAKMONT COUNTRY CLUB

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Oakmont Country Club, Oakmont, Pennsylvania

Out	3,547 yards	37
In	3,442 yards	35
Total	6,989 yards	par 72

Record 63, Johnny Miller, U.S. Open 1973

Card of the course

No 1	469 yards	par 5	No 10	462 yards	par 4
No 2	343 yards	par 4	No 11	371 yards	par 4
No 3	425 yards	par 4	No 12	603 yards	par 5
No 4	561 yards	par 5	No 13	165 yards	par 3
No 5	379 yards	par 4	No 14	360 yards	par 4
No 6	201 yards	par 3	No 15	453 yards	par 4
No 7	434 yards	par 4	No 16	230 yards	par 3
No 8	255 yards	par 3	No 17	322 yards	par 4
No 9	480 yards	par 5	No 18	456 yards	par 4





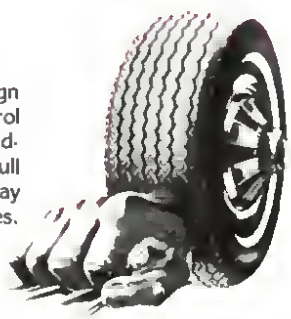
"The grip is basic for proper control"
Roger Staubach,
Dallas Cowboys

"The grip is basic for proper control"
Tom Watson,
1977 Masters and
British Open Champion

"The grip is basic for proper control"

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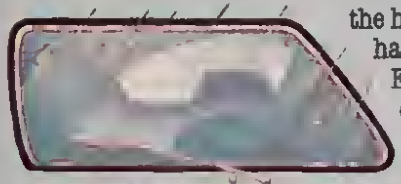
Great little piston engine. Great little goodies. Great little price.

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mazda

GLC. Now, four great little cars in all, from $3245.**

clude English Keeper Colin Boulton, Yugoslav Striker Minoslav Zec, and college Player of the Year Billy Gazonas, a small and fiery midfielder from NCAA-champion Hartwick College. Roughneck publicists tout Gazonas as the possible team leader. But don't bet too many chips on it.

When the **COLORADO CARIBOUS** open the season in their fringed, cowboy-style jerseys, Coach Dave Clements, an Irish-born ex-Cosmos midfielder, will be offering the predictable mixed bag of an expansion team. He picked up Arnie Mausser, a good goalie; a fine top draft pick in Southern Illinois-Edwardsville's Greg Makowski; and two real bargains—an inventive ex-Cosmos striker, Jomo Sono, and Center Forward Sead Susic, whom Clements lured away from Red Star of Yugoslavia.

The National Western is the league's solidest division and the **SEATTLE SOUNDERS** are standing pat on a full house of talent, which could be risky. Nevertheless they should win again. Among the aces are Rookie of the Year Jimmy McAlister, defender; Forwards Tommy Ord and Mickey Cave; and Defender Mike England. The Sounders' forte is a solid, consistent longball game, plus the league's second-best defense.

Although the **LOS ANGELES AZTECS'** 65 goals was tops in the league, and they made the playoff semifinals in '77, they drew only 7,000 fans a game, which is odd, considering that flamboyant George Best is still one of the game's finer midfielders and that Striker Steve David led the league with 26 goals. But if Coach Terry Fischer can replace a ho-hum Ken Rigby in goal and bolster a lagging defense (third in goals allowed with 54), the Aztecs should make the playoffs.

The **PORTLAND TIMBERS** fell last year to a 10–16 record and imported a new coach from England to do something about it. He is Don Megson, and he has Clyde Best, the team's No. 2 scorer, to build on. Last year the Timbers lost 12 games by one goal. Megson's remedy will be a swarming, all-out attack, but the team is still a couple of players away from a playoff berth.

Another proponent of all-out attack is the new coach at the **VANCOUVER WHITECAPS**, Tony Waiters, who should be able to improve on last season's 14–12 record. He has newcomer Kevin Hector, the current English scoring leader (250 goals), and returning Forwards Buzz Parsons and Derek Possee. But with 13 eager but unseasoned Canadians on the squad, it will be heavy going.

AMERICAN CONFERENCE

Eight of the 12 teams here are new or relocated, and any prediction in this, the weaker of the two conferences, that goes beyond saying Tampa Bay will win is strictly a hatpin job.

After Coach Eddie Firmani departed at midseason for the cool green of the Cosmos, the **TAMPA BAY ROWDIES** went into a slump, finishing at 14–12. They will have to stave off Fort Lauderdale to win in the East. Although the eccentric and brilliant Forward Rodney Marsh had troubles back in England with the new Rowdies' Coach Gordon Jago, all is apparently forgiven. Marsh and Derek Smethurst (14 goals) should see this strong, mixed-attack team through.

The **FORT LAUDERDALE STRIKERS**, under Coach of the Year Ron Newman, are standing pat after their surprising 19–7 season, best in the league. The sentimental favorite here is one-eyed Gordon Banks, England's World Cup keeper (1.12 average last year). Scoring will come from Forwards David Irving and George Nanchoff, an American who led the club in goals last year.

The expansion **PHILADELPHIA FURY**, coached by Richard Dinnis, features midfield general Johnny Giles, 36, owner-coach of Ireland's Shamrock Rovers, and Peter (The Wizard of Oz) Osgood, a sometimes brilliant center forward from England. They lead a younger group of Irish, English and American players and should help the Fury make the playoffs.

Lipton, however, will need more than Dandy Don to bag a playoff spot for its **NEW ENGLAND TEA MEN**. Coach Noel Cantwell, with three months to put together a team, has signed youthful ex-Rowdies Midfielders Ringo Cantillo and Dennis Wit, plus solid ex-Kick Midfielder David D'Errico and one of England's better keepers, Kevin Keelan.

The **CHICAGO STING** is the only club in the Central Division remaining from last year, when it was 10–16. New Coach Malcolm Musgrove, who worked wonders with Connecticut a year ago, should win this division. He has a clutch of new Polish and Yugoslav players who will attack, do a lot of close marking at midfield, challenge and counterattack.

Ex-Cosmos Coach Ken Furphy has built the **DETROIT EXPRESS** "up the middle" with Right Back Paul Hunter, a Cosmos rookie last season; Center Half Graham Oates, an English defensive star, and Striker Steve Earle, a 100-plus English scorer with Fulham. Expansion Detroit could be a sleeper.

The **HOUSTON HURRICANE**, under former Dallas assistant Timo Liekoski, will play in the cavernous Astrodome, but at week's end, only three players of any note had been signed by the new club—defender Stuart Jump, late of Tampa; Robert Lennox, a 300-goal Scottish National forward; and fellow-Scot John Dowie at midfield.

The **MEMPHIS ROGUES** have had internal troubles. Tony Field, a fine ex-Cosmos midfielder, will lead Coach Eddie McCreadie's English, Canadian and American side in what is projected to be an all-out attacking style.

Despite an unsettled defense that didn't help last year's 14–12 record, the **SAN JOSE EARTHQUAKES** will win the Western Division. NASL alltime goal getter Ilija Mitic (with 96) is beyond starting age, but Forwards Paul Child and Leroy DeLeon (the NASL's fourth and fifth alltime scorers) will be arsenal enough, before sellout crowds.

The **OAKLAND STOMPERS** have a media prize in ex-Cosmos Keeper Shep Messing (1.45 in '77), the first American player with a six-figure contract. Midfielder Andy Atuegbu from the University of San Francisco and Striker Mike Flater from the Kicks, an American, are also on hand. The Stompers will finish second to San Jose.

The **SAN DIEGO SOCKERS** were the Las Vegas Quicksilvers last season, the San Diego Jaws in '76 and the Baltimore Bays way back. Coach Hubert Vogelsinger (late of Hawaii) won't have the Portuguese legend Eusebio this year but will give Oakland trouble with a Belgian, Dutch and West German squad playing "swarm-attack" ball, or the Dutch "Swirl"—plus American Keeper Alan Mayer.

As '77's St. Louis Stars, the **CALIFORNIA SURF** had a disappointing 12–14 record and few fans. Now ensconced in Anaheim, holdover Coach John Sewell brought with him American midfielder and strategist Al Trost and has added English Back Andy McBride for a solid defense. As opening day approached, much of the team was not set. Said Sewell, "They're not thirsty for soccer here yet. But they could be." **END**

When brrr turned to grrr

Cheyney State leaves 'em cold at home, but the Wolves were hot in Springfield

Cheyney State College, located in a valley of oblivion somewhere west of Philadelphia, won the NCAA Collegiate Division II basketball championship last weekend with storybook flair. "Nobody ever pays any attention to us," says Coach John Chaney. "Our school is not in any community and we don't have many fans. All we have is each other." Indeed, interest in the sport is so lacking around Cheyney that the team plays most of its games on the road, and when the school held a banquet for the press several weeks ago, nobody showed up.

But in the face of rampant disregard, Cheyney won its way into the final round of four in Springfield, Mo., and whipped the University of Wisconsin-Green Bay in the finals, 47–40. Green Bay, which finished the year at 30–2, was No. 1-ranked all season, its only other loss (by six points) being to the same DePaul team that made it to the round of eight in NCAA Division I. Cheyney's magnificent win was orchestrated by an emotional Chaney (the school's and the coach's names are pronounced the same), a former Harlem Globetrotter who takes his basketball seriously.

All season, Cheyney's two leading scorers were its guards—Milton Colston (15.0-point average) and Jeff Hutcherson (14.8). Colston specializes in pull-up jumpers from 12 to 15 feet, while Hutcherson favors shots measured in yards. Three weeks ago, in the first of the playoff games leading to Springfield, Hutcherson injured his left thigh and it has been hampering him ever since. In last Friday's 79–63 semifinal win over Florida Technological University, Colston sprained an ankle, which swelled badly. "We'll all just have to suck it up," said Chaney on Saturday morning as he surveyed the wreckage and fretted about Colston. "We also will pray louder, because we want to make sure the Lord hears us for tonight."

On the way to the game, Assistant Coach Anthony Pinnie noted the deep silence on the bus and whispered, "It's either abject fear or they're communicating with the forces." Chaney's locker-room oratory was confined to telling the team it would have to play with "poise and patience." He didn't add to the alliteration by mentioning "in pain." Well then, did it turn out that Colston and Hutcherson healed during the bus ride and were terrific? No.

Hutcherson hobbled around for seven minutes of playing time and scored two points. Colston was on the court for the whole 40 minutes. He got three points. But his courage inspired his teammates. The chief beneficiary was Kenneth Hynson, a guard with a 4.9 scoring average during the regular season who normally spends a lot of time sitting down during games because of a tendency to shoot bricks. But in the most crucial game of all, he got 14 points, including four hoops toward the end of the first half.

With the score 20–20 at halftime, Chaney lectured his squad at a voice level somewhere between a holler and a scream. "Sure, you're playing with poise but you're playing with so much patience, you're not shooting. The shots will start dropping if somebody will shoot."

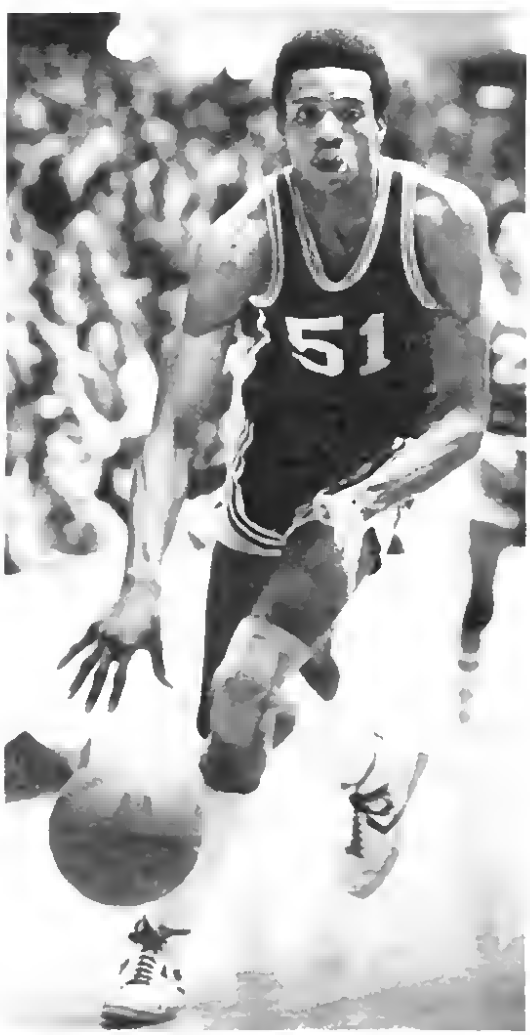
In the second half the Cheyney shooting star was Center Andrew Fields, who had open-heart surgery as a youngster. In less than two minutes he hit three baskets to help the Wolves take a 32–22 lead.

Which turned out to be a good thing, because Green Bay erupted after its lethargic—or deliberate—first-half performance. (Says Coach Dave Buss, "I don't think we play so slow. But it is true we don't take game films, just slides.") When Bryan Boettcher made a three-point play with 6:06 to go, Green Bay suddenly led 36–35. Moments later Green Bay came back down the floor with a chance to increase the spread to three. Tom Anderson, the Phoenix' best player, frequent game winner and All-America, broke loose for a driving open layup—and missed. That was the game. Cheyney scored the next two times it had the ball, and not until only 31 seconds remained did the losers finally score again—a drought of more than five minutes.

But while the night belonged to Cheyney State, the week somehow belonged to the irrepressible Buss, who produced a blizzard of complaints, accusations and suggestions that kept things in turmoil.

The idea that a person might get along by going along has apparently never occurred to the Green Bay coach. Not six hours after he arrived, he attended a banquet where everyone was exhibiting party manners and was ready to say nice things about Springfield. What Buss said was, "I guess I'm the only one who is not glad to be here. I want to be in St. Louis." The point was that Buss wants the Division II championship—contested by 175 schools who spend less money and award fewer scholarships than Division I—to be played in conjunction with the Division I championships. Opponents contend this would cause Division II to lose its identity. Sniffs Buss, "What identity? The best-kept secret in sports is who wins this tournament."

continued



Fields had a real field day in the second half

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In the Horatio Alger story, the hero works day and night to get ahead and everybody looks up to him with admiration.

Now, millions of Americans are following this example: working unreasonable hours, grabbing non-nutritious meals, chain smoking, and never taking time off to relax or exercise.

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Naturally, it's not just the individual's fault. There's more involved in the high cost of health care than people not taking care of themselves.

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But all of us—doctors, hospitals, Blue Cross and Blue Shield Plans, and individuals—have to work together to hold down the increasing cost of health care.

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Programs like outpatient lab tests; quicker discharge from the hospital; surgery on an "in by nine, out by five" basis. And more. As well as programs to promote health education and physical fitness.

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But the simple fact is that if we're going to be successful, everybody needs to help.

If we all take better care of ourselves, we're going to need less health care. And this will slow down the rise in costs.

We're not asking you to stop working. Just try not to overdo it.

And when you see someone who thinks he's Horatio Alger, don't think of him as a hero.

Think of him as a villain.

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ALL OF US HELPING EACH OF US.

Then Buss was saying that there should be no consolation game, that Converse shoes should be boycotted because the company doesn't invite small college coaches to summer clinics, that all four semifinal teams should get watches instead of only the finalists, that the television time-outs were at the wrong time, that Division II and III players should get more chances to make international teams, that the official photographer was not planning to use nearly enough film, that the Eastern Illinois fans are rotten, that tournament security was lax because a Frisbee kept flying around knocking people in the head, and that the waitress forgot to bring his players ice cream That's a sample.

What maddens officialdom is that Buss has become so successful (196 wins, 60 losses in nine years) that they have to pay him grudging attention. Predictably, when it comes to coaching philosophy, Buss once again is different Bumping ice cubes around in a brandy and Sprite, he sets forth his outlook. "No matter a person's color, church or how much money he has, a jerk is a jerk, and I treat him as such. Never give a guy a second chance, especially your own players. And if it ain't broke, don't fix it."

Alas, Buss could only adhere to the jerk-spotting part of his philosophy at Springfield. Green Bay gave Cheyney lots of second chances and a lot of things turned out to be broken in the Phoenix basketball machine.

Buss swallowed the defeat with no excuses, no what-ifs All he did was softly remind listeners that the Phoenix was a mythical bird consumed by flames but able to rise renewed from its own ashes Said Buss, "We'll be all right."

The winners, of course, were already all right. But you could tell that Cheyney State was not used to celebrating with champagne The Wolves drank the stuff instead of spraying it on one another.

Where Antelopes And Antelopes Play

Perhaps destiny decreed that of the 32 teams assembled in Kansas City last week for the NAIA national championship, the two known as the Antelopes should meet in the finals Certainly an antelope had a better chance of surviving the six-day single-elimination tournament than, say, a Hornet or a Pirate, or even a No. 1-ranked team. While the big guys were off doing their thing in the NCAA Regionals, the little guys were showing that on any given day—make that six days—most anybody can lose to anybody else

When the 24th-ranked Kearney State (Neb.) Antelopes ran over the top-ranked Winston-Salem (N.C.) Rams 89–76 in the quarterfinals Thursday night, even Winston-Salem Coach C. E. (Big House) Gaines, the winningest active coach in the country, claimed he wasn't surprised "Everybody knows anybody can win this thing," said Big House. "If a team gets hot, that's it. Explanations are not explainable."

In all, there were 11 upsets in the 32-game marathon, which provided enough action for even the most devoted basketball junkie On Wednesday, for instance, the ball began bouncing in Kemper Arena at 9:30 a.m. and, because of the numerous close games and overtimes, didn't stop until 1:19 Thursday morning. That night, Grand Canyon College—the No. 2-ranked Antelopes who would eventually nip the No. 24-ranked Antelopes for the title—found itself tied with Central State (Ohio) at the end of regulation time. Four overtimes later the teams were still tied Finally, Grand Canyon won 88–82 in the fifth overtime, and the few remaining fanatics staggered home at 1:30 a.m.

The tournament had other things to offer For those into collecting names of obscure colleges, there were such little-known, yet real, participants as Drury, Bethany Nazarene, Mercyhurst, Lemoyne-Owen and Ouachita Baptist For those who enjoy the discovery of memorable names of athletes, the roster was even more fascinating A first-rate all-name team could have been composed of Melvin Mabins, Belvin Ashby, Bud Sapp, Joe Foots and Kansas-Newman College's high-flying Leroy Leep. Honorable mention could have gone to Dennis Custard, Duane Bilbo, Royal Wentworth, Peter Muzzy and Jack Sportsman.

Things would have been even perkier had the NAIA regular-season scoring champ, Bob Kirkley of Eastern New Mexico, been present It was Kirkley, NAIA fans remember, who offered the world a rare glimpse at the priorities of a heavy shooter. "The four best things in life," he told newsmen in the preseason, "are basketball, chicken, McDonalds and orange soda."

The tournament did have its share of quality ballplayers. Notable among them were 6′ 6″ Power Forward Steve Bayless of Central State, 6′ 5″ Forward Tim Higgins of Kearney State and 6′ 5″ Forward-Guard Carlos Terry of Winston-Salem, a superfluid, though sometimes lethargic, gunner In warmups Terry sucked on a toothpick, while his teammates chewed bubble gum. In games, they blew large bubbles, even during shots "We get a bag of about 240 pieces before games," explained Terry, whom Big House Gaines has compared to former Ram star Earl Monroe "And we just chew. We usually get a bag of picks, too. I'd play with a pick if they'd let you. But they don't."

As teams dropped by the wayside, people began to follow Kearney's Antelopes, who were noteworthy because they shot so well and had no blacks on the squad. "There just aren't a whole lot of blacks in Nebraska," said Coach Jerry Hueser, who recruits mostly in small towns around Kearney. Led by Higgins and 5′ 9″ Randy Cipriano, son of University of Nebraska Coach Joe Cipriano, KSC defeated the first-, fifth-, eighth- and ninth-rated teams en route to the finals.

Grand Canyon, on the other hand, always seemed to play just awful enough to give its opponents a chance Assembled from such disparate spots as Detroit, Chicago, Dallas and Rochester, N.Y., the Phoenix team played at times as though half asleep Or perhaps exhausted Willie Polk, Grand Canyon's 6′ 5″ guard who played all but a few seconds of the five-overtime game, admitted he was "kinda tired" after that one.

And when his team had rallied to down the stubborn country boys from Kearney State 79–75 in the final, Polk—who set a tournament record by sinking 23 of 24 free throws during the week—added that all the sweating left one feeling permanently dehydrated. "We just lived on fluids this whole week," he said, patting his shriveled stomach. He didn't say what kind of fluids, but if you believe Bob Kirkley it was orange soda, No. 4 on the list of fun things And maybe—in answer to a disappointed Big House Gaines—that's how you get an explanation for what happens in this most unexplainable of tournaments

—RICK TELANDER

ANOTHER GOOD STEER FROM A TILT-WHEEL USER



I've been sold on Tilt-wheel
Steering ever since I first tried it
on my Dad's 1969 Pontiac
Keith Blixt
Gardner, North Dakota

Like father, like sons. Keith Blixt, at the wheel of his 1977 GMC 4-WD pickup, isn't the only one in his family who is sold on Tilt-Wheel. His brother Gordon, left, enjoys Tilt-Wheel comfort in his GMC pickup. And their father Roy, center, wouldn't be without Tilt & Telescope Steering on his 1977 Cadillac Sedan DeVille.

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It came down to the comeback kids

Evonne Goolagong, who has been back longer, came farther, beating Chris Evert, who reached the finals in Boston although she hadn't played in four months

Chris Evert came back last week, and until Sunday it was as if she had never been away. The only thing new about the 1978 model Evert was her fashionably crinkled hairdo. Her play, through the semifinals of the Virginia Slims tournament in Boston, her first competition after four months of self-imposed exile from the women's tour, was the same brilliant, implacable brand of tennis that won 11 tournaments and half a million dollars in prize money last year.

In the final, however, she ran up against Evonne Goolagong, who herself is in the midst of a dramatic comeback following the birth, 10 months ago, of her first child, Kelly Cawley. Evonne played her last major tournament in September 1976. Then she retired to her home on Hilton Head Island, S.C. Kelly, who travels the tour with her mother, father Roger, and nurse Keren Fergus, grins happily at the sporting press from her mother's lap during interviews.

A couple of months after Kelly was born, Evonne began to condition herself, something she never had to concern herself with before. She jogged and jumped rope and lifted weights and played tennis with her husband until finally, in Australia late in the year, she won four tournaments on grass and appeared well on her way to a triumphant 1978.

Her progress slowed, however, when she got indoors on the Slims circuit in January. Injuries, especially to her feet, began to plague her, and pain became a part of her life for the first time. Still, coming into the Boston tournament, she had won two Slims tournaments, one in Houston in January and one in Dallas two weeks ago. She was obviously getting into shape mentally. The physical problems would work themselves out in time, she assured everyone who asked.

The Goolagong-Evert final was a landmark in a competition that dates back six years. It went to three sets, and though it was not the best match the pair had ever played, it was close, and in the third set very exciting. For the first three games Goolagong was loose and she lost only two points. Then, as Evert began to bear down, Evonne's confidence seemed to ebb and she made mistakes. Evert won the first set 6–4, but in the next her concentration appeared to wander, and Goolagong, who has to get to the net to be effective, began to do so. "She was breaking up my pace with lots of slices and spins," said Evert later. "She had the right idea."

In the third set, the effect of the novocaine that had been injected into Goolagong's left foot was beginning to wear off, and instead of sitting down to rest at the changeovers, she stood in front of her chair, moving her feet in small patterns to keep them warm. She broke Evert's serve in the fifth game; Evert broke back in the sixth and Goolagong broke again in the seventh. As they changed courts the umpire announced the score, "Goolagong leads, five games to three," and the crowd cheered. "Everything's normal," Evert had said the day before, after her 6–3, 6–2 win over Billie Jean King. "They're cheering my opponents again."

In the final game, with the score 5–4 and the points at 30–30, Goolagong moved to the net behind her serve, took a bullet of a forehand that came straight at her body and turned it into a great backhand volley to the baseline. All Chris could do was pop it up, whereupon Evonne put it away down the left line. She failed on three match points but on the fourth it was over, 4–6, 6–1, 6–4.

The lifetime score in the Evert-Goolagong rivalry now stands at 18–12, Evert's favor. It began in 1972 at Wimbledon, where they met in the semifinals. Each had moved into the spotlight the year before, Evert by reaching the semifinals at Forest Hills at 16, Evonne by winning at Wimbledon at 19. Goolagong won that first match in three sets. Their vintage year, however, was 1976. That year Chris won five of the seven times they met, beating Evonne both at Wimbledon (6–3, 4–6, 8–6) and at Forest Hills (6–3, 6–0). Goolagong played badly at Forest Hills. Two weeks later she learned she was pregnant, and began her year-long retirement.

For the record, the semifinal round in Boston was also a landmark, but of a different sort. It was the first time that Goolagong, Evert, King and Martina Navratilova, the best four women players in the world, had all reached the semifinals of the same tournament.

In one respect, however, the tournament was a bit of a disappointment. Navratilova, coming off eight weeks of the best tennis she has ever played and a winning streak of seven tournaments and 37 straight matches, was expected to prove, in a hoped-for confrontation with Evert in the final, whether she could continue to win when the player on the other side of the net was Evert.

Goolagong put an end to everyone's expectations by beating Navratilova 7–6, 7–6 in the semis. Moving with the grace and quickness of a cat, despite her painfully injured feet, Goolagong demoralized Martina by returning one sure Navratilova winner after another. Both sets were decided by nine-point tie breakers, the second of which went to the full count and was won with a Goolagong volley. Forty-five hundred fans went home happy that night, not realizing how truly remarkable was the match they had just watched.

Goolagong said later that she did not know whether she could have played a third set. She has been competing on a day-to-day basis for two months now. One injury to her feet has led to another, from severe blisters to a damaged arch and lately to a calcaneal bursitis at the base of her left Achilles tendon. At times, her pain has been so intense that she has



Employing a variety of slices and spins, Goolagong broke Evert's pace.



"Everything's normal," said Evert. "They're cheering my opponents."

been unable to sleep and twice she has had to have injections of cortisone and novocaine. Yet she has never complained nor used her injuries as an excuse for a loss. In fact, after the semifinals she said, "I get mad at my feet, and it comes out in my tennis."

Navratilova played well too, if not quite up to the level that she has shown she is capable of this winter. In this case her first serve failed her when she needed it most. "We are both aggressive players," Martina said. "It is a matter of who is better on a particular day." She even allowed herself a small but well-deserved boast. "I could have blown my cool pretty easily, but I stayed with it to the last point."

Navratilova's record-setting streak had finally been broken the week before in Dallas, not by Evert, Goolagong or King, the players she anticipated would eventually beat her, but by 15-year-old Tracy Austin in a quarterfinal match that no tennis fan in Dallas is going to forget for a long time.

Austin won the first set 6–3, Navratilova the second 6–2. The third set went to 6–6 and then into a nine-point tie breaker. Martina took the first two points, Tracy won the next four. Austin, serving for the match at 4–2, lost the point with a backhand down the line that was far wide. On the next point Austin, incredibly, came to the net behind her serve, something neither she nor anyone else would normally do against Martina Navratilova in such a situation. Austin hit a sure winner of a forehand volley down the line, but the left-handed Martina dived for it and saved the point with an astonishing forehand passing shot. Match point, 4–4. Again Tracy came to the net, and this time she caught Martina flat-footed in the ad court with a perfect cross-court volley.

Austin then beat 18-year-old Anne Smith and became the youngest player to reach the final of any women's tournament since the open tennis era began in 1968. Previously the youngest had been Evert, who was 15 years and nine months when she got to the finals of a tournament in Charlotte, N.C. in September 1970, after beating Margaret Court 7–6, 7–6 in the semis. Austin was 15 years, three months in Dallas. Just as Chris lost to Nancy Richey in the finals in 1970, Austin lost to Goolagong in Dallas, but not before taking the opening set.

Last week Tracy was back at school, and Navratilova, her equilibrium restored, was her old devastating self in the early rounds in Boston. When asked how good she thought Austin was going to be, Martina said, "She's much better than Chris was at her age, obviously. How much she's going to improve depends on a lot of things, how she can cope with the pressures. Being famous when you're 14, that's not easy."

If Tracy Austin learns to cope, a certain amount of credit will undoubtedly be due Goolagong and Evert. As role models for precocious teen-agers studying grace under pressure, they come highly recommended. **END**

BOXING / *Pat Putnam*

'They got Leon all messed up'

Everybody wants control of his brother, says Michael, and the champ is a wreck





Light heavyweight Michael (top) has gained a manager but he is afraid that he will lose Leon

If they keep pulling on Leon, stretching him like he's a dummy or a doll, it doesn't matter if it's Norton or Ali, he won't be able to fight anybody."

The words seemed to hang in the air of the nearly empty St. Louis coffee house. Michael Spinks, the younger brother of Leon Spinks, the world heavyweight champion, shook his head.

"Leon is not happy now," he said. "He's confused; they are putting too much pressure on him. His wife Nova is tearing his mind to pieces. Leon's mind is a total wreck now. He doesn't have anybody around him but people who want his blood. I tried to tell him he needed to come home, to be with his own people. But it may be too late."

Too late? Nobody seemed to know. Confused and pressured, Leon Spinks was a will-o'-the-wisp last week, not talking, first seeking refuge in a motel in Des Moines, then slipping into St. Louis to meet with Michael and his mother, and later with Mitt Barnes, his embattled manager. To add to Spinks' woes, Friday night the World Boxing Council stripped him of its version of his title.

At week's end, Michael, anguished by his brother's plight, tried to explain how he and Leon had come to such a hard place.

Deciding that he needed to follow the same advice he was trying to give Leon, Michael had gone home to St. Louis to talk over his future with his mother, Mrs. Kay Frances Spinks, and to sign a contract with his new manager, Nick Miranda, a theatrical booking agent. A fast-rising light heavyweight with a 7–0 record, Michael, like Leon, had been promoted exclusively by Top Rank. It was an experience, he said, that each day became more and more distasteful. Last Wednesday night, Michael and Miranda agreed on a two-year contract, with an option for two more years.

"I realize that Michael still has a two-year contractual obligation to Top Rank, but I want to read the contract," Miranda said. "I want to see how they have treated him, if they have lied to him. If I find the leverage I think I'll find, it's going to be a new ball game."

For Leon Spinks, the past two weeks have been the *old* ball game. The world heavyweight championship is the cornerstone of boxing; those who control it control the sport. Since winning the title from Muhammad Ali on Feb. 15, Leon has been the center of an emotional family tug-of-war, with his mother and brother at one end, his wife at the other. He has also been buffeted about in a three-way battle for control between Top Rank, Barnes, his manager of record, and Edward Bell and Lester Hudson of Detroit, his new attorneys. The WBC's action seemed to him the crowning injustice, taking part of his title (in the eyes of the rival World Boxing Association, Spinks is still the world champion) before he had a chance to throw a punch in its defense.

The WBC's move, as disappointing as it was to Leon, came as no shock. That body had demanded that the new champ defend first against Ken Norton. Spinks had signed a letter promising to do just that before the WBC would sanction his fight last month. Despite the letter, Leon announced after the fight that he wanted to give Ali a rematch before meeting Norton. The WBC reacted with righteous indignation.

"We've been kicked around too long," said José Sulaimán, the WBC president. At the same time, however, Sulaimán admitted that he didn't think Leon understood the contents of the letter he was forced to sign, or, for that matter, that anyone in the WBC had ever tried to explain them to him.

Late Friday, Bell, a former judge of the circuit court and a onetime primary candidate for mayor of Detroit, made a phone call to Sulaimán, seeking a two-week extension. Earlier in the week, apparently at Nova's urging, Leon had unexpectedly dumped his New York City-based attorney, Milton Chwasky, and had replaced him with Bell and Hudson.

"No extension," said Sulaimán. "Unless Leon calls me before midnight Friday with the promise to fight Norton first, we will withdraw our recognition of him as the WBC champion. And we will give the title to Ken Norton."

Later, Bell wanted to know, "How can you *give* the heavyweight championship to anyone? The WBC didn't give the title to Leon, he won it. And how can a man accept a title he hasn't won in the ring? But if Norton wants it that badly, all I can say to him is good luck. But for this I blame the WBC. They dillydallied with Ali for 2½ years, yet they couldn't give us two weeks. They didn't have the courage to take the title away from Ali like they kept threatening to do, so now

continued

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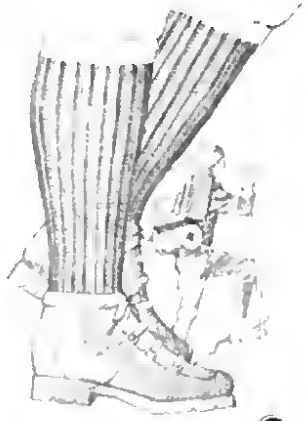
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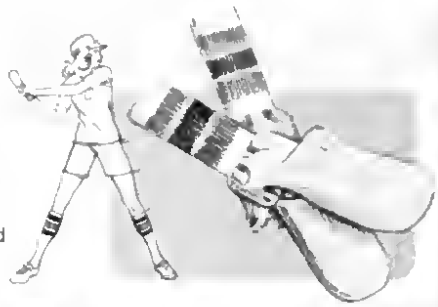
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it is Leon who has to pay. It is a mischief of the WBC's own making."

In St. Louis, Leon had no comment. Traveling alone, he had come to his hometown Thursday night, first to see his mother and brother, later to meet with Barnes in an attempt to heal their rift. As Leon's manager, Barnes gets 30% of his purses. He has said he will reduce that figure, while rejecting all offers to sell the contract.

When Michael and Leon won their Olympic gold medals at Montreal, Miranda was one of those who had sought to become Michael's manager. Miranda, who was born in Mexico, once lived just two blocks from where the Spinkses settled in St. Louis. He still lives in St. Louis but runs his theatrical booking business out of Los Angeles, where he handles the careers of comedian Stan Kann and actress Didi Carr, who appeared in *Sugar Time*, an ABC-TV mini-series.

"I guess what turned me on to Michael was that we had lived in the same project," Miranda said. "I didn't know anything about boxing. I still don't. But after all the dirty infighting of show business, I can handle anything that boxing can dish up."

At one point after the Olympics, Miranda thought he had Michael signed. What he in fact had was a verbal agreement with Mrs. Spinks. But then Butch Lewis persuaded Michael to join Leon under Top Rank's aegis (SI, March 13).

"I never had high hopes going in because I knew what I was doing when I signed with Top Rank," Michael says. "I knew I was going into a screwed-up mess. Right off I told Butch not to talk about big numbers and give me the *he*. I told him I had been lied to all my life, so he could skip all that and just tell me it like it was. I was going in for me, but mainly I was going in to be with Leon, to help Leon. I knew professional fighting was a dirty business. I was and I am very concerned about Leon. He's my brother. He's very weak in some points. He has a tendency to trust people he shouldn't. All those smiling faces and shaking hands, and he just trusts. He should check people out. As for me, if I get messed up, I want to do it myself, then I can blame only myself. I don't want any help. If I fail, I want to fail on my own."

Still, as wary as he was going in, Michael says he was shocked by what he found. "Right off I saw that Butch needed me to get to Leon. I was the key. Leon

continued

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Virginia Wade

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did a lot of running off on his own. I'd get Leon back and we'd talk. Being brothers, we'd have arguments, but no fights. I'd talk to him, we'd argue, then he'd be O.K. There were good times and there were troubled times, but most of the time it was very confusing to us. Mostly to me. It took me a little while to learn that Leon was in a messed-up condition.

"Everything was moving so much. We never had time to sit together and talk. We never were allowed the time together we needed to get our heads straight. As each fight took place, I noticed a lot of shaky things happening. Like we discovered friends of Butch's selling Spinks T shirts at one fight. When we asked about the royalties, nobody knew where the money was going. Leon was upset. But everything else was happening too, so all that got forgotten.

"There was a lot of neglect, a lot of disinterest. We were looking good to the world but going nowhere. I tried to talk to Leon, but he was very confused. They kept moving him. And he was having family problems with Nova. He was having so many problems my heart went out to him. I couldn't lay things on him like I wanted. You can't lay too many things on Leon at one time. So I went home and talked it over with Mama. She tried to call Leon. She told me she tried to call him through the Top Rank office in New York a lot, and that she got turned away a lot."

For his third fight, Michael earned $20,000. For his fourth, he got $4,000. That's when he determined that he needed a manager. When he fought in Nevada and California, whose boxing commissions require a fighter to have a manager, Top Rank used the name of John Lewis, Butch's father, on the license.

"Butch never told me outright that I didn't need a manager," Michael said. "But he said he'd always be around to help, and that not having a manager would save me money. He helped; he helped dehumanize me. That's when Mom and I decided to call Miranda. We needed help."

Now Michael has the manager. No longer will Top Rank negotiate with Top Rank for his services. "I feel relief," he says. "I feel less alone now. I feel like I have a friend. Now I'm off on a new venture. I hope this change is what I am looking for. But now I have to help Leon. What good will all this do—what will it all mean—if I lose Leon?" **END**

Is the new Puma the best there is?

by Bobby Jones

Bobby Jones of the Denver Nuggets—perhaps the finest defensive player in an offensive position—gives his professional opinion of the new, lightweight Puma® 'Super Basket.'



NBA All-Star Bobby Jones, forward, Denver Nuggets.

A wild sole.

The first time I saw the sole on this new Puma, I couldn't believe it.

All around the outer edge of the sole is a strip of rubber that's all carved out with notches and little round holes and strange shapes. That's the part that keeps your foot from slipping sideways.

The new Puma sole does for me what a radial tire does for a sports car. I have great traction and "feel" for the court.

But wait till you see the middle section. It looks like a storm at sea, all filled with squiggly waves. Under the front part of your foot, the waves face one way to give you forward traction. Under your heel, they face the other way to help grip the court when you have to make a sudden stop.



The 'Super Basket' sole. An advanced new design for indoor courts only.

It bends where you bend.

Do you know what "toe-off" is? You should. It's really important. It's a term the experts use to describe how a shoe bends. And where.

Pick up a Puma 'Super Basket' and bend the sole (see photograph). The bend is right where the foot bends, and it's rounded the way your foot is rounded. The shoe isn't fighting your foot all the time.

You'd be surprised how many athletic shoes bend too sharply. Or in the wrong place altogether. Run around long enough in a shoe like that and you could be heading for all kinds of foot and leg problems.



The 'Super Basket' bends the right way. In the right place.

Use your thumb.

I used to think basketball shoes were all pretty much alike. Not anymore. Not since I've seen the thinking that goes into Puma.

Look at the way they build a counter. (That's the part of the shoe that protects your heel bone and its muscles.) Press hard with your thumb against the side or back of the counter on the 'Super Basket.' You can hardly put a dent in it.

Try that same test with a badly made shoe. The counter is so weak, your thumb sinks right in. It lets your heel wobble around in there, and that's hard on your leg. And your knee. I sure don't need knee problems in my business.



A good shoe like Puma is firm here, keeps heel from wobbling.

The big stripe.

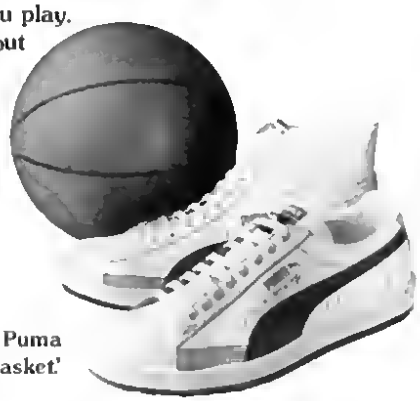
Basketball is tough on the feet—they can really take a beating from the floor.

One thing you can count on when you see that big Puma stripe on the new 'Super Basket,' and that's comfort. There's padding in all the right places. The leather is soft and pliable. There's a terry cloth lining to absorb perspiration. And no less than four layers of sole to cushion the shock.

If you're a player who needs extra protection for your ankles, there's also a high-top model that's padded all the way up.

Should *you* wear Puma? All I can give you is my opinion. Which is, a good shoe can make a difference in how you play.

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Iowa had to sweat it out

The Hawkeyes won the NCAA title over Iowa State the hard way they didn't have an individual champion and some of their wrestlers struggled to make weight

It wasn't exactly overwhelming. After all, it was the first time in the history of the NCAA wrestling tournament that a team won the championship without having an individual champion. This distinction, however, hardly mattered to the University of Iowa, which had to survive all sorts of problems, close matches and one of the most dramatic final rounds ever to regain the championship it lost a year ago to its biggest rival, Iowa State.

The problems began for Iowa last week even before the first of the 605 bouts at the University of Maryland's Cole Field House. The trouble started innocently enough on Tuesday when 134-pounder Steve Hunte and 177-pounder Greg Stevens went for a short run to shed some weight. As they loped along the streets in College Park, they became separated and lost.

Hunte staggered back to the team's motel after a circuitous 10 miles. Stevens, bundled in three sweat suits, became so pooped that he sat down on the roadside. When he spotted a police car he figured aid was at hand, so he waved for help. The policeman responded with a friendly wave—and kept on going. At long last another police car came by. This time Stevens took no chances. He frantically flagged down the car, pleaded his story and got a ride to the motel.



A game Frank Santana was State's last hope but an injured knee ended his chances and sent Coach Dan Gable and the Hawkeyes home with a smile



At the end of the first day Iowa held a tenuous 26–20¾ lead over Iowa State. That night Hawkeye Coach Dan Gable and 126-pounder Randy Lewis were locked out of their motel rooms. When Gable's wife Kathy returned with a key at 2 a.m., the Gables invited Lewis to bunk in their room.

"There was a big party at the motel, though, and I couldn't sleep until 3:30," Gable says. "Then I got up at 5:45 to take two kids for weigh-ins. They hadn't weighed in the night before because they were overweight. Hunte was five pounds over. Bruce Kinseth was 10½ over."

Millions of people who have tried to lose weight would have been awed by what Hunte and Kinseth, who wrestles at 150 pounds, accomplished in a matter of minutes. A session in a sauna and a run in sweat suits enabled Hunte to make weight in 35 minutes, Kinseth in 75. As for Gable, he was sweating, too. "This tournament is so close it'll come right down to the end," he said.

During Saturday's consolations Iowa's 142-pounder, Scott Trizzino, and 118-pounder, Dan Glenn, had third-place finishes, heavyweight John Bowlsby came in fifth and 167-pounder Mike DeAnna was sixth. With only that night's finals left, Iowa led Iowa State 94½–89½. The Hawkeyes had two finalists, both underdogs. Iowa State had three wrestlers in the finals, including defending 190-pound titlist Frank Santana. In order to win, the Cyclones needed two victories, each worth four points, and Iowa had to lose both its bouts.

In the 126-pound final it was Iowa State's Mike Land, 47–0 this season, against Lewis, who also is accustomed to winning. While in high school in Rapid City, S. Dak., Lewis had a three-year record of 93–0 with 83 pins, a record 45 of them in a row. Land took the match 13–5. And because he won by eight points, his "major decision" added another half point to State's total. That cut Iowa's lead to 94½–94.

When Kinseth was pinned by defending champion Mark Churella of Michigan in the 150-pound finale, it meant State could retain the team title if either

continued

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of its two remaining wrestlers won. Kelly Ward nearly got that triumph in the 158-pound class when he rallied from an 8–0 deficit before losing 10–8 to Wisconsin's Lee Kemp. For Kemp it was his third title, making him the 24th in NCAA history to accomplish the feat.

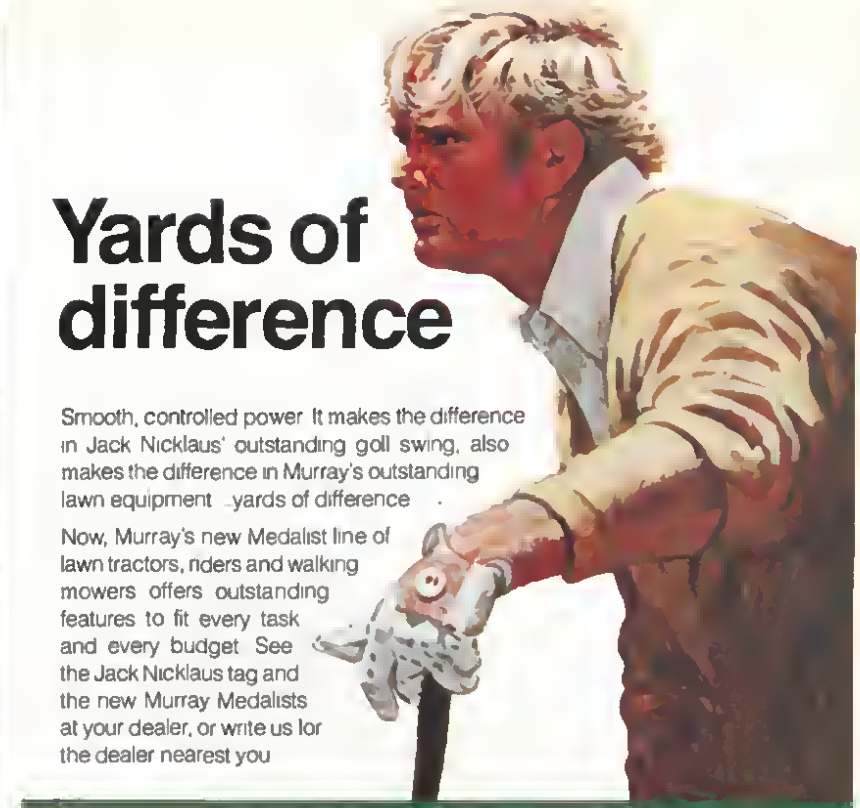
Santana was Iowa State's last hope. Throughout the tournament he had been hampered by a sore right elbow. That was a mild problem considering his tragic past. When he was six, his father and oldest brother attempted to escape from Cuba. Soldiers spotted them. They opened fire. His brother was killed on the beach. His father made it to the U.S., and later Frank did.

Santana's opponent was Ron Jeidy of Wisconsin, who led 3–1 with slightly more than two minutes to go in the second period. At that point Jeidy tried a takedown. Santana fought him off. In the process, however, Santana severely wrenched his right knee. Time was called while his trainer and coach examined him. When action resumed, Santana stumbled to keep his balance. So Iowa State Coach Dr. Harold Nichols stepped on the mat and signaled that he would not allow Santana to continue. Thus, Iowa won by half a point and earned Gable, a 1972 Olympic gold medalist, his first title in two years as coach.

In the final bout of the evening Oklahoma State heavyweight Jimmy Jackson joined Kemp as a three-time titlist by pinning Princeton's John Sefter. Jackson, who had dropped from about 350 pounds to about 330, finished the season 29–0. He also scored a victory of sorts last December. That was when someone picked his pocket at Chicago's O'Hare Airport. Jackson took off after the man and actually ran him down. Mercifully, Jackson did not try to pin him. "I just wanted my wallet back," he said.

Saturday's crowd of 12,338 swelled the total attendance to 60,665, a record for the tournament. The fans particularly cheered Ohio University's Andy Daniels. He was unranked at 118 pounds but went on to defeat the Nos. 6 and 2 seeds and then beat No. 1 John Azevedo of Cal State—Bakersfield for the title. Azevedo had his victory string ended at 37 when Daniels pinned him after just 30 seconds.

But Iowa did win the biggest of all the awards and now the Hawkeye wrestlers can look forward to doing what they have not been able to do for months—eat. **END**



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Affirmed and Steve Cauthen are in a familiar spot—the winner's circle. This time it's at Santa Anita

Golden horse of the West

In his first major test of the 3-year-old season, Affirmed ran a puzzling race, but as philosophical Laz Barrera said, "Today we just lace up the gloves and spar"

Affirmed's two-length victory in the San Felipe Handicap at Santa Anita last Saturday was bewildering at best. The 1977 2-year-old champion had not run very fast, had nearly caused a pileup on the first turn and had endured the sting of jockey Steve Cauthen's whip 10 times during the final quarter-mile while beating five other runners who probably will be nowhere near Louisville on Kentucky Derby Day.

But wait. Affirmed never wins big. He just wins. After 11 starts, the worst thing that can be said of him is that he finished second twice. His San Felipe victory was the seventh in his last eight races, and few horses accomplish such things in high company. All Affirmed did in the San Felipe was send a gentle challenge to Calumet Farm's Alydar, an impressive winner in the Flamingo Stakes on March 4.

Two hours after the San Felipe, on a marvelous California evening with the temperature in the low 70s, Affirmed was standing outside Barn 87 in the Santa Anita stable area. He was docile and looking up at the stars. Big-time spenders, social pretenders, grooms, hot-walkers, trainers and exercise riders gazed at Affirmed as the colt finished cooling out. A light from the barn reflected off his magnificent chestnut coat, but the onlookers still were confused by his San Felipe performance.

Affirmed had run a race that would confuse anyone. He had jumped out of the gate alertly, with only Tampoy swift enough to run with him. But on the first turn, Affirmed was bothered by a shadow and went wide, losing ground and carrying two horses into the middle of the track. Once past the shadow, he settled down, but by then both Tampoy and Chance Dancer were in front of him. Chance Dancer, who had won the San Vicente Stakes on Feb. 8, stretched out to nearly a two-length lead down the backstretch before Affirmed joined him near the top of the stretch. Chance Dancer was on the inside, Affirmed on the outside, and gradually Affirmed poked his handsome head into the lead. With a sixteenth of a mile to go, he drew off to win by two lengths. Tampoy faded to third. Affirmed's time was a moderate 1:42⅖, equal to that of Crystal Water and Smasher in 1976 and 1977.

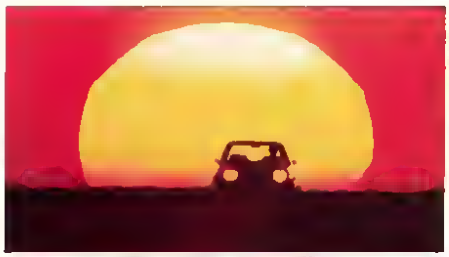
Before the race, Trainer Laz Barrera felt that his colt might be beaten. "He's a short horse," he said as he stood by the rail watching Affirmed's morning workout. "He could get beat today if somebody else becomes a tiger. I'm worried just a little bit. The San Felipe is just a small stroll in the sunshine. I'm looking down the road toward the Kentucky Derby. That is what matters. We're going to have to fight Alydar again like we did all last year. My horse, he will no meet Alydar before the Derby. But that day we put on the heavy gloves. It will be him and us. Today we just lace the gloves up and spar. Later on Affirmed will be ready to say 'Grrrr!' "

After the race, Barrera stood by his barn and looked out into the night. "Bring him in," he told the groom, "but stop him here under this big light. He's bright as a shined copper penny," Barrera continued, "but when you look at him you see spun gold. He is a magnificent horse. Smart, real smart. In the afternoon before he run in the race, he lies down in his stall and sleeps. Only I walk around like a crazy man. Everyone asks, 'How is the horse?' I say he is good. Nobody ask how is the man, me? I'm slowly going crazy with worry. I don't want him to lose. Every morning when I come into this barn I look over all the stakes horses I have. Of 40 horses, there are 15 stakes winners in this barn. Who else have that? Nobody. But each morning I go to Stall 9 and I look in on the spun gold first. I say, 'You look good, Mr Gold.' He don't say nothin'. He just look back and laugh at me. He knows he is the gold."

Two years ago Barrera took two-thirds of the Triple Crown with Bold Forbes, winning both the Derby and the Belmont Stakes. It was a masterly job with a horse that looked for all the world like a sprinter. Barrera kept stretching Bold Forbes

continued

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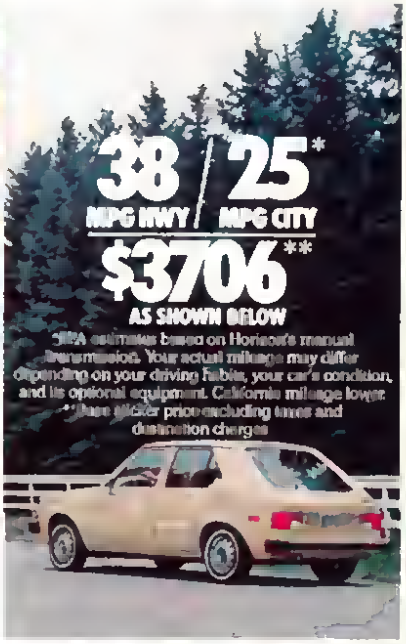


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out with long gallops and eventually got the horse to stay the classic distance.

"Bold Forbes and Affirmed are totally different," Barrera says. "Affirmed likes me; Bold Forbes once bit a big hole in my chest. Affirmed is a smart racehorse. You can do anything with him. If a band would come around the barn, he would dance for it. Any dance."

Affirmed, owned by Louis Wolfson's Harbor View Farm, is the horse that Cauthen has chosen to ride in the Kentucky Derby and it will mark his first appearance in the race dearest to his heart. Last year Cauthen was without a mount in the Triple Crown races. This winter, however, he went to California to babysit Affirmed, and two weeks ago got himself involved in what might turn out to be a landmark case in American racing.

Cauthen was riding a horse named Upper Edge in a six-furlong sprint in which he ended up fifth. But the stewards suspended Cauthen for five racing days commencing March 15 for "not making the proper effort to keep his mount straight, causing interference shortly after the start." Cauthen took the stewards to court to have the suspension stayed, because he felt their decision was unfair. The suspension also would have kept him off Affirmed in the San Felipe. Superior Court Judge Arnold Miller stayed the suspension pending a full hearing March 29. Should the stewards' decision be upheld, Cauthen could wind up missing the Santa Anita Derby on April 2, Affirmed's next-to-last start leading up to the Derby. (Affirmed will skip the Wood Memorial at Aqueduct and run in a prep race in Kentucky before his meeting with Alydar in the Derby.)

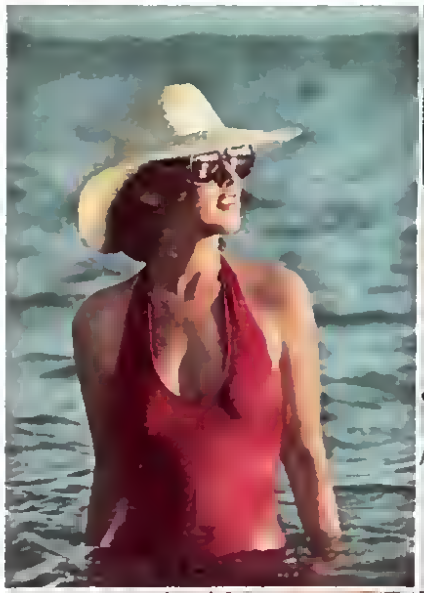
"This horse knows exactly what he's doing," Cauthen said, speaking of Affirmed after the San Felipe. "I knew I could take the lead at any point, but was afraid that Balzac [who ran a dull fourth] might make a late run. Affirmed took the lead at the top of the stretch and began to move out, but when he got to the front he just pricked his ears and began to pull up. When Chance Dancer came back at us again, Affirmed just took off again, but I did have to keep after him. I didn't lose one ounce of my confidence in Affirmed by his race. He has been my Derby horse all along and he remains so. The Derby has been my big dream. Now I find myself really getting excited about it. It's going to be coming up soon."

And so is Alydar. **END**

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Nibbling Bark Isn't Foraging

It's the pleasure of tapping maples, picking poke, making the pawpaw connection: in fact, like a quarterback, taking what's given you

by Bil Gilbert



I grew up in the vicinity of Kalamazoo, Michigan, but had relatives scattered all over that state from Buchanan to Bad Axe to Ishpeming. Among the most impressive was an elderly great-uncle-in-law by the name of Deb, who long before I knew him had more or less abdicated conventional family responsibilities and lived most of the time in a cabin on an island in the St. Joseph River. He occupied himself hunting, trapping, fishing, making a little liquor and poaching (in those days there were in Chicago—only 100 miles away—certain restaurants and gourmets who fancied wild delicacies enough not to ask embarrassing questions about seasons and sources). Also, as I learned by eavesdropping on the horrified gossip of my elders, when Deb got a bit ahead in the hard-cash department he was inclined to roar into the settlements to play a little cards or horses or worse.

Naturally, the solid citizens of the clan

continued



Foraging *continued*

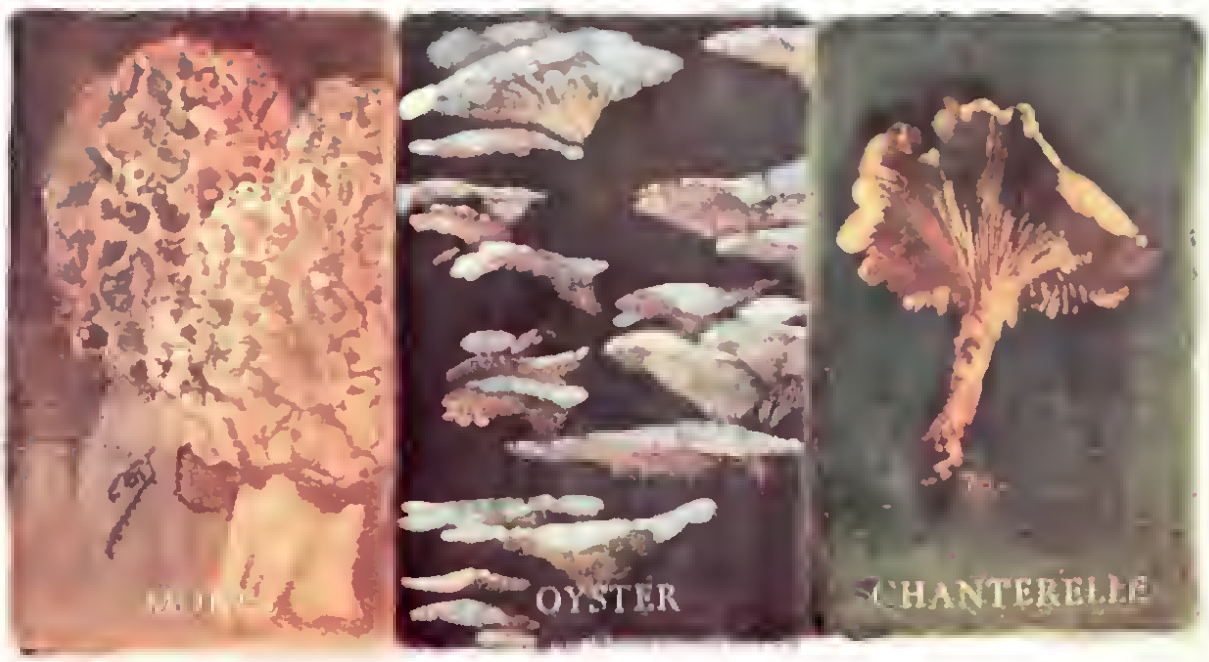
thought Deb a scandal, their own shameful version of Pap Finn. I admired him greatly, however, and, whenever I could escape from polite society, spent as much time as possible on the island. On and around the river I learned a lot of interesting skills and habits: to trap, butcher, fry and enjoy eating snapping turtles; *to set trotlines; to ferry a* canoe *across* the current; to clip the wings of a mallard duck; to imitate a wounded rabbit by kissing the back of the hand, a sound that attracts hawks, owls and foxes; to use a .22 rifle, the poacher's friend; to chew tobacco; to play cribbage and pitch.

Another thing we did (and something which has proved to have considerable carry-over value for me) was to forage—that is, rummage about in the bush looking for wild edibles. The motive for foraging is similar to that for hunting but involves raiding the flora rather than the fauna. In part because of Deb's good example and instruction, I developed early a taste for a variety of feral fruits and vegetables, fungi, roots, stalks, stems and seeds, but perhaps even more important, a taste for the act of finding them. For 40 subsequent years I have been indulging both these appetites.

Recently there has been a considerable revival of interest in the ancient pastime of foraging, probably because it fits in so nicely with a lot of other contemporary conceits and concerns—the Green Sensibility, Organic (as opposed to old-fashioned inorganic) Feeding, the New Hypochondria. Whatever the reasons, there seem to be a lot more people than ever before wandering about the countryside nibbling on barks and weeds. Concurrently there has been a great outburst of highly serious rhetoric about the meaning and mystique of eating wild. Gurus of the new foraging chic will insist that, say, yellow pond-lily roots will keep down hangnails, spruce up the karma and induce gastronomic orgasms. Some of these claims are about as hard to swallow as a green persimmon. For starters, expertly prepared pond-lily roots taste somewhat like weak, watery, muddy potatoes laced with Styrofoam. Still, there is certainly no harm in people thinking they will achieve union with the ecological absolute by eating dandelions. However, such notions create a lot of heavy metaphysical luggage that is not needed for such a simple trip.

It has always seemed to me that what it all boils—and sometimes bakes and stews—down to is that you forage for about the same reasons you run around trying to collect the semifinalist trophy in the Class C Over 45 doubles tournament of the Chop and Lob Racket Club. It makes little sense, but it is fun. Also moderately stimulating exercise. (According to the latest report of the International Institute for Applied Foraging Research of Iron Springs, Pa., five sets of August-afternoon tennis have the same strenuosity factor as preparing two quarts of wild blackberry jam from brier bush to mason jar.) It is a good way to escape for a few hours from whatever needs escaping. The tangible rewards are often purely symbolic—yellow pond-lily roots *being no better as food than $6.75* tennis cups are as decorative sculpture. However, occasionally there is a foraging bonus. The trophy you bring back may have considerable intrinsic value—not monetary but sensual, as in the case of, say, the oyster mushroom, of which more in a moment. In any event, these are reasons why foraging has always seemed to me to be as worthy as any other kind of recreation and no more absurd.

All of which prefaces the hard news that last year was one of the finest foraging years on record, at least in the central Pennsylvania highlands where I have been located for two decades. As a matter of fact, exceptional foraging was just one, though perhaps the most satisfying, of a number of unusual phenomena. For example, the winter of 1976-77 was the most memorable in Pennsylvania since Valley Forge. It ended abruptly in early May shortly after the last snow when a searing August-type drought withered spring corn and pastures. The drought was broken by a rainstorm of a volume



that the U.S. Geological Survey says should occur only once every 500 years. Then one morning there was an unidentified underground racket that shook local people out of their beds. Experts said an immense limestone cavern had collapsed underneath us, but naturally there has been a lot of scary and private explanation about what really happened on "The Morning the Earth Moved." It snowed again in October but was balmy enough to swim in quarries in November. There was an unverified report of a 42-pound raccoon and, later, monster sightings—one of a Bigfoot type and the other of a lion-style monster.

Some foragers speculate that there may be a natural connection between the earth moving (or the conditions that made it move) and the most abundant crop of fat blackberries anyone can remember, but all that is really known is that a lot of wild desirables did exceedingly well. In consequence, so did a lot of us who enjoy looking for them.

A stray late persimmon aside, my own foraging season normally begins when the sap starts rising in the dozen or so maple trees that grow along a spring drain that meanders down the slope of an abandoned pasture adjacent to my house. Hereabouts this normally occurs anytime between late January and mid-March, but given the ferocity of the winter, there was some concern about if—as well as when—the maples would thaw out. However, there was no need to worry. In mid-February there came a string of clear days when the temperature rose above the 50s at midday and fell to below freezing at night. There is no exact mechanical explanation, but everyone who has had anything to do with maples knows that this kind of brisk alternation between warmish days and cold nights acts like a tonic on the sugar trees and sets their juices to flowing at a great rate. Like the migration of birds, the flow of sap is something we have been collectively watching for a long time without ever precisely understanding the principles involved.

From a safe, contemplative, abstract distance, a maple in the spring comes on as a kind of marvelous arboreal Shmoo. Here stands a tree that nobody has had to buy, plant, weed, prune or spray. Entirely of its own free will it begins to course with a rare and sweet fluid that makes the best pancake topping known to man and costs $11 a half gallon when bought at Uncle Ezra's Vermont Maple Market. All of which from time to time has set people to thinking that the sugar maple is living proof that Barry Commoner was wrong, that indeed there is such a thing as the free lunch. This is the great maple shuck; in fact, it is the great foraging illusion. If the matter—in this case maple syrup—is pursued, reality shortly becomes apparent. It is that Commoner was right—there is no such thing as the free lunch.

There are some peripheral but genuine considerations. If you are going to leech a tree, you have to pierce a considerable trunk, then insert taps, which have to be made, borrowed or bought. The end of these taps must be fitted with some kind of container suitable for catching and holding whatever leaks out of the tree. All of this leads up to the central reality. What comes out of the tree is not pancake dressing but maple sap, a thin, clear, watery liquid. The goodness is there (it is very faintly sweet) but to get at it you have to boil the sap until a lot of water has disappeared and very little syrup remains. Generally speaking, 35 gallons of sap evaporates down to a gallon of syrup, although the amount varies from place to place, tree to tree, even day to day.

Boiling presupposes heat, which requires fuel. Anything flammable can be used—coal, gas, electricity, even old truck tires (the favorite combustible of another local syrup maker)—but wood is the classic material and maple somehow the most appropriate wood with which to fuel the fire to reduce maple sap. Whatever the fuel, it obviously has to be collected, prepared and lugged to the fire.

Maple sap may be mostly water but making syrup out of it is considerably trickier than boiling water. If you don't boil out enough water, you are left with a thin, semisweet concoction that promptly ferments into a sour, vinegary one. On the other hand, if you turn your back for a few minutes on a boiling sap pan, all the water will vanish, leaving you with a kind of caramelized epoxy, good only for patching canoes. To avoid these undesirable extremes, efficient commercial operators use manufactured evaporator devices equipped with gauges that indicate precisely when the proper sugar content has been reached. However, this is too easy and tame for a genuine recreational forager. Our system is intuitive—it involves peering through flames and smoke to monitor the color of the brew, letting it run off a wooden spoon to test viscosity and finally tasting the boiling sap. In the spring you can dependably identify amateur syrup makers by their red eyes, scorched jackets and blistered tongues.

Personally, I have come up with only one syrup-making refinement that seems worth making public; it is that operations will be easier and more entertaining if you get yourself a women's tennis team. Several years ago I was more or less bequeathed such a sporting group by the athletic director of a small local college. Because both tennis players and maple trees tend to become active at about the same time of year, there was some concern at first that syrup and tennis administration might prove to be incompatible interests. However, they are, in fact, complementary, chiefly because it turns out that modern college women can be convinced, or think it politic to be convinced, that prancing about a maple grove is a splendid preseason conditioning exercise. Generally, singles candidates are best employed gathering sap and bringing it back to the outdoor factory. Lugging five-gallon buckets in each hand builds upper-body strength, while hopping about amongst the rocks and brush piles improves agility and the ability to get down low for ground strokes. Doubles players cannot, of course, be expected to show such mobility, but when paired, they make very good stove stokers and boiling-sap tasters, these being exercises that teach cooperation and how to remain cool under fire.

If simple labor were all that was involved, a men's team might be as useful, but there is a special factor that makes women considerably superior. It is that they tend to wear, and wear out, a lot more panty hose than the average man. Converted panty hose are the best known filters for sap, which has to be strained many times between tree and syrup bottle. Tennis players, at least those who are ambitious of being included on traveling squads, will cheerfully save up their defunct underwear and bring it to the old coach while the sap is flowing and

continued

before the varsity team is selected.

More or less in this fashion we produced seven gallons of syrup, a new local foraging record. Figuring no more than minimum wages for amateur athletes, it cost about $25 for each gallon. As to quality, more adventurous feeders may find the home brew interesting. It tends to be black and tangy by reason of the wood smoke it has absorbed. Like a Cracker Jack box, it often contains surprises—bits of charcoal, twigs and an occasional caramelized wasp that has slipped through a rent in a filter. (The modern athletic college woman is terribly hard on panty hose, and wasp-sized holes are not unusual.)

All of which illustrates one of the central principles, or paradoxes, of foraging: you do not make syrup solely, or perhaps not even largely, to get syrup. If this is the only objective, then it is best (*i.e.*, easier, quicker and cheaper) to go on about one's regular business—milking cows, robbing banks, writing magazine articles or whatever. Part of the proceeds can then be taken to East Sawed Log, Vermont, and exchanged with Uncle Ezra for some of his quality-controlled golden syrup.

The truth is that syruping and a lot of other foraging activities balance out only when the "other rewards" column is totaled. If you are so inclined and don't have to do it as real work, then it can be invigorating to spend a December day cutting and stacking wood for subsequent syrup fires. Slogging around on snowshoes setting taps brightens up a January weekend. Waiting for the sap to flow gives a nice anticipatory zest to the next few weeks. It is a pleasure to go around talking not necessarily to, but at, maple trees, praising the very sappy ones, admonishing the laggards. Sitting around an open fire on a cold March night watching boiling sap and tennis players is warming in many ways. Just why is essentially unfathomable, in much the same way that it is not easy to explain why it feels good to serve four aces in a row. If someone comes up with a good explanation of the former, it will probably do as well as an explanation of the latter.

About the time the taps have been pulled from the maples and the syrup pans either scoured or junked because they are beyond scouring, it is time to start after mushrooms. This is a major event on the foraging calendar and a very serious one, the wild mushroomer being under a lot more pressure to succeed than, say, the syrup maker, because if he fails in his quest he cannot fall back and feed on more or less comparable store-bought produce. Such an assertion may raise some skeptical questions—such as, what are those round, rubbery things, dished out in steak houses, on pizzas and in omelets, that are advertised as mushrooms? They are commercially raised mushrooms and they compare to many wild species as orangeade does to freshly squeezed orange juice. The trouble is that though a lot of attempts have been made, nobody has found out how to propagate dependably and thus to profitably peddle the tastier feral species. Commerical growers, therefore, concentrate on a variety of meadow mushroom called *Agaricus*, which has permitted itself to be domesticated. *Agaricus* is a good enough food, but I have yet to meet anyone who has tried both wild and tame mushrooms who does not prefer the former by a wide margin. Thus there are a lot of strongly motivated mushroom hunters.



Panty hose are used to cover a ripening mixture of wild, unwashed raspberries, vodka and sugar.

Among the 3,000 or so species of fungi in this country, an undetermined number are, as they say in the guides, "edible and choice." Unfortunately, another group can give you headaches, stomach cramps, hallucinations or make you dead. Deciding which is which can be tricky and enlivens this pastime. As a practical matter, most foragers, rather than puzzle over every species, settle for a few of indisputably benign properties. On my own good list there are about 20 mushrooms that I get and gobble whenever met, but of these, three are superior. They are morels (*Morchella esculenta*), chanterelles (*Cantharellus cibarius*) and oysters (*Pleurotus ostreatus*).

Unfortunately, in an otherwise splendid foraging year, about the only plants that didn't do very well were the morels, which normally are among the first good mushrooms to appear in the spring. Last spring they simply weren't there, a failure noted generally by everyone. Normally secretive and competitive, mushroomers spent a lot of time in 1977 poor-mouthing among themselves, theorizing about what had happened. Some thought the hard winter had done in the morels, while others held the unseasonably hot spring responsible, but nobody really knew. Maybe the monsters got them.

Whatever the reason, blessedly it affected only the morels. Chanterelles, yellow vase-shaped fungi that grow best on mountainsides under heavy deciduous or evergreen shade, were in at least regular supply. Oysters were in absolutely marvelous abundance. Choosing among these three species solely on gastronomical grounds is silly, like trying to rate ambrosia, nectar and manna. But for a variety of practical foraging reasons I am inclined, especially after last year, to give oysters the nod. They are cosmopolitan,

continued



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Pall Mall 100's 19 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77.
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Foraging

being distributed across much of the country, and have a long fruiting season, appearing in the spring, slacking off in the hot weather, but coming on again strong in the fall and lasting until early winter. Last year had a lot of cool, moist weather, which they like and oysters were there for the foraging in all but three months—January, February and July.

Oysters got their common name because they are usually dead- to cream-white in color, ovalish in shape, fleshy in substance. Individual caps are large—up to a foot across—and they grow, mostly on dead wood, in clusters of a dozen or more caps. Consequently, they are very easy to spot, and once you have found a colony it will always provide at least one meal and often several. You can do with oysters what you do with any mushrooms—put them in soups, salads or hors d'oeuvres, but we purists deride such mincing uses. All that is necessary is to fry them in butter, for 10 minutes or so, until the moisture has stewed out and the edges begin to brown and curl. So prepared, three or four of the big caps will make a substantial main dish that tastes something like a combination of good steak and fresh shellfish, and provides all the explanation any rational person needs as to why there are such crowds of wild-mushroom hunters.

The mushroom is a classic example of a wild thing that is not only edible but also preeminently worth eating. There is a lot of other flora that, while technically possible to ingest without harmful effect, gives very little sustenance or pleasure. As far as I am concerned, there is a whole mess of late spring and early summer herbage that falls into this category: knotweeds, pigweeds, lambs'-quarters, milkweeds, land cresses, plantains and a whole tedious assortment of docks. A good many contemporary authorities are very big on these weeds and have touted them in books, on TV and, for all I know, in art movies—perhaps because there are so many of them that a few remarks about each will give nice heft to a manuscript. Artistic value aside, most of this greenery tastes like either bitter lettuce or bland okra. Also, it is so common as to provide little in the way of exciting foraging.

Before setting forth to browse on such plants it is well to review certain historical facts. People have been into eating for a long time, during which they have investigated much of the flora, captured all they could of it, and put it into gardens and farms. The edible species left in the wild tend to fall into one of two broad categories. First, there are things like mushrooms that are very desirable but have stubbornly resisted domestication. Second, there are plants like, say, curly dock that could easily be domesticated (in fact, they are always forcing their way into gardens as weeds) but have not been because they make such sad, poor food. A good question to ask these herbs is, "Why hasn't the Jolly Green Giant caught you?"

So as not to be dismissed as an inflexible green-vegetable bigot, I will gladly admit there are exceptions. Mixed with cream cheese, watercress makes a passable sandwich, and it grows in boggy places that are usually a pleasure to visit. Day-lily buds, boiled and buttered or fried in batter, are not bad. Both are at least semi-domesticated, the former being available in better fresh-vegetable markets and the latter in Oriental specialty shops. A more curious exception is poke, which grows everywhere, including through stone walls. In the spring it sends up big bundles of tender green shoots that are at least as good as asparagus but have a nice peppery taste all their own. Considering how hardy, prolific and tasty it is, it would seem that the Giant would have caught the poke long ago. In parts of Europe this native North American plant is grown in gardens. Here it is generally left in the wild, probably because it scares a lot of people. The difficulty is that while poke shoots are agreeable, they turn ugly as they age. The mature stalks, leaves, berries and, especially, roots contain phytolaccin, a drug with both cathartic and narcotic properties, which, in theory, is potentially lethal.

Before we leave this interesting if formidable plant, another foraging attribute of poke should be noted. Late in the fall, when there is not much greenery, poke roots should be dug up. If nothing else, this is a very good exercise, because the roots are about the size of a Pekingese and have a great talent for wrapping themselves around rocks. The crown of the excavated root will be peppered with a lot of little green knobs. If the root is taken into a warm house or basement, planted and treated more or less like an indoor lily bulb, these bud knots will start sending up shoots. They can be picked (after which more will appear) and eaten, giving welcome relief from the spongy Florida and Texas truck produce that is about all that is otherwise available during Northern winters. If the shoots shoot faster than they can be eaten, that is all right, too. They will turn into large, coarse houseplants that are no uglier than philodendron.

Certain feral rabbit foods aside, during the nice summer days, respectable foragers concentrate on berries, for several good reasons. In the first place, though they may not be as superior to their domesticated relatives as wild mushrooms are to tame ones, feral berries are still better. It is well to remember that the object of most domestication is to maximize quantity and appearance, rather than quality. To get bulky, cosmetically appealing berries, the taste nodules are often compressed or eliminated.

The thorns on most wild bushes are much thornier than those on tame plants, but this is not all bad. Brier patches, even in very settled places, often amount to mini-wildernesses. In the middle of a stand of ferocious blackberry canes one is seldom troubled by salespersons, muggers or pollsters. They are also fine places to become better acquainted with nesting birds, woodchucks, snakes and a lot of interesting bugs.

In addition, unlike a lot of foraging that is solitary (either because practitioners cannot get anyone else to share their passion or because they don't *want* anybody along with whom they may have to share what they find), berrying, which goes better the more hands you have, has a long social tradition. After the hard work of planting corn and taking scalps was finished, the Iroquois made a festival out of berry picking, using the occasion for gossiping, cracking jokes, arranging treaties and plotting wars. More recently, but still a long time ago, there were always a couple of fine midsummer days, at least in the St. Joe River valley of southern Michigan, when extended family groups would take an informal holiday, pack a picnic and go off into the brambles to pick berries and have a little fun.

Such customs have deteriorated, but

continued

Foraging *continued*

even so, during the lush 1977 berry season we were able to put together a congenial party of mixed pickers: two daughters, one daughter's boyfriend and three golden retrievers. The daughter-boyfriend team was handicapped, having only two free hands for the unit. The unattached daughter's concentration was poor by reason of her having to pay close attention to a disc jockey who was giving important announcements via portable radio about something called the Top 40. The dogs, however, did very well. Frightened of grouse, unwilling to fetch anything more useful than wet sneakers, they are splendid berry retrievers. If they have to, they will worm their way deep into the briers, nipping off and gobbling down the fattest berries, although they prefer to lurk about until a berry pail is left unguarded, then muzzle in as if it contained sweet kibble.

Any discussion of how to pick berries would seem as superfluous as the sort of thing that now regularly appears in large books with titles like *The Joy of Backpacking* that give technical advice on how to walk. Any child, woman, man or dog who cannot figure out how to get a berry into a bucket or a mouth has a severe problem. Nor is there much need to dwell on what to do with berries once you have them home. They are good plain or with cream, and are even better if pureed (which removes their most objectionable feature—lots of seeds) and poured over ice cream. You can make jams, jellies, wines and cordials out of them, according to formulas that any decent cookbook or great aunt will provide. As a sample, courtesy of a very decent sister-in-law, set aside two quarts of ripe, wild, unwashed raspberries. Boil four cups of sugar in three of water, cool to room temperature. Pour mixture over the berries and mix with a fifth of vodka. Cover the container—cheesecloth will do but panty hose are better. Let it alone until at least Veteran's Day and then drink with pleasure, but some care.

Wild berries are low in natural acids. As a result, almost any concoction made with them seems to be improved by adding a few shots of fresh lime juice. Another personal culinary observation is that it is often rewarding to substitute honey for all or part of the sugar called for in recipes.

Among other improbable kin, we have a sister and brother-in-law who some time ago dropped out of the Eastern academic world and retreated, or advanced, to the Missouri Ozarks, where they have become upwardly mobile beekeepers. Now we are able to arrange trades—smoky maple syrup for the best Southern highland honey a bee ever made. Of course, this is tame, easy-to-come-by honey. The wild, hard way is to go out foraging for it, an urge that overcame several of us one hot August afternoon when everyone was restless for lack of adventure and moments of truth.

Collecting wild honey is a borderline activity, like frog gigging, halfway between hunting and foraging, and perhaps should be excluded from this report. A better reason for not dwelling on subsequent happenings is that they were as humiliating as they were painful. Briefly, we set off to a nearby cabin that once belonged to a moonshiner. One wall of it had been occupied for several seasons by an active swarm of honeybees. When we were done we had a ruined cabin wall, a small brush fire (in hopes of creating a smudge), 27 beestings in assorted human hides, and a faithful but stupid golden retriever with one eye swollen shut. We also had, after sticks, roofing nails and a dead mouse were removed, a gallon of honey. It was molasses-colored and semifermented, but it added a genuinely wild element to berry recipes.

All the local wild berries—straw, dew, black, rasp and wine—did exceptionally well last year, but the elderberries did best of all. In mid-August the tall, spindly bushes were bent double by the weight of heavy clusters of fat, dark purple fruits. There is an odd thing about elderberries—fresh and raw they are awful to nauseating. They have a used taste, like old, musty medicine. Cooking dissipates this unpleasant flavor. Elderberries are prime jelly material, combining excellently with a lot of other fruits, particularly wild grapes and May apples. A good bit of elderberry vinegar is unintentionally made by people attempting to make elderberry wine. Elderberries can be dried in the sun. Properly withered, they look like mouse droppings, but they can be stored indefinitely and used with good results in chutneys, stews and baked goods.

We tried all these things that fine season but the best elderberry concoction was a new one. We should have known about it before, because all the ingredients were familiar, but we didn't and might never have known except for a tip in the published works of the late Euell Gibbons. Now Gibbons was a knowledgeable and indefatigable forager—and a central Pennsylvania one, too. At times he was a bit overenthusiastic, particularly when it came to green weeds, but on elderberries he was, if anything, too subdued.

First you need elderberry juice, which you get like any other fruit juice—mushing a bunch of stewed berries through a filter. Then you get a bushel or so of bright red sumac berry spikes. Scarlet sumac, which grows everywhere in poor, abandoned corners of the land, has a bad name because a much different bush is called poison sumac. However, the scarlet species (*Rhus glabra*) is harmless. If the berry spikes are swished around in a tubful of water for a time, they yield a very drinkable infusion. (After swishing and before drinking, the runoff should be strained. Sumac berries are hairy, and the hairs will clog up around the soft palate if they are not removed.) Straight it is an interesting drink—astringent, lemony by reason of its malic acid content, but quite thin. It was obviously intended to be mixed—as Gibbons knew—with elderberry juice (about three to one in favor of the sumac), because elderberry juice has a very full flavor but lacks the acid tang. Together with as much honey as seems good, you have what might be called sulderade, and also very nearly the perfect drink. It is the kind of thing that around here is said to whiten the teeth, sweeten the breath and make childbearing a pleasure.

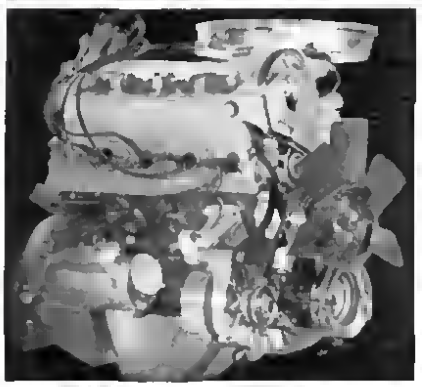
After they have finished with berries, a good many foragers go nutting, but I am not one of them. I have nothing against nuts—in fact, am very much in favor of them—but I have quite a lot against shelling nuts. As a matter of personal prejudice and sloth, this seems to me to be tedious, mostly indoor work, as aggravating as fixing wobbly chairs and no more interesting than painting window sashes. Fortunately it is possible around here to have your nuts without personally cracking them. There are lots of productive trees in the mountains, and

continued

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harvesting them was once a semicommercial proposition. There used to be a tradition that if you had enough kids you could pay the fall taxes by setting them to work shelling nuts to sell in local markets. Taxes and kids both having become more formidable, this is now a memory instead of an economic fact. Assiduous social foraging, however, will turn up a few clans with whom it is still possible to trade for jars of butternut, hickory nut and walnut meats.

Besides the obvious advantages, not doing nut work keeps a forager fresh for pawpaw season, which comes at about the same time as nut season. The pawpaw is a wild exotic, a relative of, and almost as good as, the tropical custard apple. Here we are almost at the northern limits of the pawpaw's range, and it is found chiefly in patches on bottomlands. Once—and perhaps still—along the St. Joseph it was called the Michigan banana. How and why it got this far is a mystery, but a blessed one.

The approved way of finding pawpaws is to organize your life so you have an absolutely free day in the best part of September. Take to the Potomac, Monocacy or Susquehanna River in a canoe. Put in a congenial friend or two and several bottles of dry white wine. Paddles may be carried but should not be overused, the proper method of progress being a slow, idle float. In God's good time you may come upon some clumps of small, slender trees with big, jungly-looking leaves. As you near them you will get a whiff of a sweet jungly smell. This will be the pawpaw patch. Shake the trees *very gently*. Some elongated, potato-shaped fruits will fall to the ground. Pick up the ones that give a little splat as they hit. Eat as many as you can and drink the wine.

Green pawpaws are rock hard and bitter. Overripe ones disintegrate into a kind of sticky compost. Pawpaws are exactly right—and great for a few days—when they resemble old, bad bananas in color and consistency. In this condition pawpaws are difficult to transport and ugly to look at, which is why they are seldom items of commerce. But every right-minded possum, raccoon, fox and squirrel in the neighborhood, as well as a great array of birds and insects, as well as we foragers, knows when pawpaws are ripe and admires them. Thus there is considerable urgency in getting to the trees before the beasts have stripped them. Immediate sensual rewards aside, making the right pawpaw connection gives a satisfying, attuned-with-the-world feeling of being in exactly the right place at precisely the right time.

Like winning football quarterbacks, successful foragers tend to take what is given them—that is, they are opportunists rather than grand strategists. But toward the end of that remarkable year, I decided to force matters, to search intentionally for something I had not had in a long time but remembered from the St. Joe River days as being worthy—persimmons.

The persimmon tree, like the pawpaw, is essentially a tropical species (related to the Asiatic ebonies) and probably never was common in the central Pennsylvania mountains. It is increasingly rare now because many of the larger trees have been cut, the fine-grained wood being useful for certain kinds of cabinetmaking. Naturally, those who know the whereabouts of surviving trees are chary about passing the information on to those who do not. But late last fall, after some traipsing and trespassing, we came upon a grove of four substantial and bountiful trees. They were on land owned by a congenial octogenarian who said he had been happily feeding in this grove for 70 years and at this time of life did not mind sharing, moderately, with serious-minded colleagues.

As with pawpaws, getting persimmon fruit at the right time is critical. A green persimmon (actually yellow) is astringent beyond belief, puckering the mouth like no lemon or pickle ever invented. They are dead ripe when they are about the color of badly frozen apples and the consistency (as well as shape and size) of stewed prunes. Persimmons being very slow ripeners, this seldom occurs until Thanksgiving or later. They will continue hanging on bare, leafless limbs until they are knocked off by winter winds and blizzards. Persimmons, therefore, are among the very last of the season's forage.

After one has found properly ripened persimmons, one first eats a few handfuls. Persimmons are sometimes called sugarplum trees, which may give you an idea of their taste. The second thing to do is pick up or pry out of the frozen ground all the windfall and get them back to the kitchen immediately. Mash them and strain out the seeds and skins. Get at least two cups of the pulp. Mix up ¾ of a pound of butter with two cups of honey and three jiggers of maple syrup. Someplace else mix four cups of flour, four eggs and a tablespoon of baking soda. Then put those two batches together and add the two cups of persimmon pulp and a cup or so of wild walnut or hickory nut meats. Stir some more. Put the batter in greased cake pans and bake for an hour, or until ready, at about 325°. When it goes into the oven the batter is orange, taking its color from the persimmon pulp. While baking, it turns a deep, rich chocolate color. It also turns magnificent, the finished loaves being a bit stiffer than pudding, much juicier than any cake and, I think any reasonable glutton would agree, better than both. In a year of exceptionally keen competition, what with sulderade and all those oyster mushrooms, Persimmon Delight was the best of all. The loaves can be frozen and the Delight judiciously and therapeutically spread out through the dark winter.

There is something else that can and will be said about foraging. I will approach it by analogy. The recognized function of a photo album is to serve as an aid to nostalgia. A loaf of Persimmon Delight can perform much the same function, although it works on the mind through the taste buds rather than by means of the optic nerves. In it is the taste of December persimmons, October walnuts, August honey and March maple. It does not taste like these months or seasons any more than a flat photographic print of, say, a bride really looks like a bride. However, the tastes are indelibly associated with phenomena that cannot be reproduced, inasmuch as they occurred in the past and will never reoccur in the same way—certain peculiar conditions of sun and snow, sensations of fire and beesting, how daughters and boyfriends once sounded and looked in summer fields. We seldom think of them as having that function, but our gustative and tactile faculties stimulate recall in very subtle and moving ways.

Also, of course, something like Persimmon Delight permits you to have your memories and eat them, too. END


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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 13-19

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—MONTCLAIR STATE's women's team beat Queens 75–60. MARYLAND defeated Southern Connecticut State 93–63. WAYLAND BAPTIST beat North Carolina State 72–55 and UCLA defeated Stephen F. Austin 86–60 to advance to the semifinals of the AIAW National tournament.

JUNIOR COLLEGE BASKETBALL—INDEPENDENCE (Kans.) beat Niagara of Sanborn (N.Y.) 62–61 at Hutchinson, Kans. to win its second consecutive NJCAA title.

PANOLA (Tex.) defeated East Mississippi 67–63 at Overland Park, Kans. for its second straight women's NJCAA championship.

PRO BASKETBALL—Portland, still without Bill Walton and Lloyd Neal, dropped its fourth game in a row for the first time since 1975 but clinched the Pacific Division title. The Blazers lost to Buffalo 96–90, New Orleans 109–103 and San Antonio 118–99. At week's end Portland was able to put together a 105–86 victory over Atlanta. Phoenix' four losses helped the Trail Blazers clinch Philadelphia, which beat the slumping New York Knicks 141–127, finished the week 4–0 and clinched the Atlantic Division title. John Havlicek, who is retiring this spring, scored a season-high 32 points against Phoenix and became the only player in NBA history to surpass 1,000 points in 16 straight seasons. On Friday Buffalo (3–1) slipped past Milwaukee 136–127 in a foul-plagued game (*115 free throws*). Even the Nets embarrassed the Suns. Rookies Bernard King and Eddie Jordan combined for 60 points, and King grabbed 17 rebounds and had nine assists as the Nets (3–1) beat Phoenix 117–98. After dropping games to Detroit (2–2) 106–98 and New Jersey 106–104, Houston had its longest losing streak (11 games) since 1968, when the franchise was in San Diego. But Calvin Murphy continued to shine for the Rockets. His 57 points against the Nets was the highest single-game performance this season.

BOWLING—DAVE DAVIS beat Earl Anthony 235–186 to win a $100,000 PBA tournament in St. Louis.

BOXING—CARLOS PALOMINO retained his WBC welterweight title, knocking out Mimoun Mohatar of Morocco in Las Vegas. It was Palomino's 20th knockout and gave him a 26–1–3 record.

FENCING—NOTRE DAME defeated the University of Pennsylvania 121–110 for its second straight NCAA title.

GOLF—JACK NICKLAUS shot a one over-par 289 to win the $344,200 Tournament Players Championship in Jacksonville by one stroke over Lou Graham. It was Nicklaus' third TPC title and second victory this season (*page 20*).

SALLY LITTLE beat Nancy Lopez on the 1st hole of a playoff to win the $150,000 Kathryn Crosby/Honda Civic Classic in San Diego. Little shot a final-round 65 to equal Lopez' six under-par 282.

HOCKEY—NHL. Back on the ice after a year's layoff, Derek Sanderson scored his 200th career goal against the team that only five months ago had dumped him for reporting to camp out of shape. However, Sanderson's goal wasn't enough for Pittsburgh, which lost to Vancouver 7–4. The Spectrum definitely isn't hospitable to the Colorado Rockies. Philadelphia handed the Rockies their 10th consecutive loss there, dropping Colorado's road record to 1–24–10. Playing at home to the largest crowd in their two-year history, 16,110, the Rockies defeated Vancouver 3–1. It seemed like the same old game for the Minnesota North Stars, who in their 10-year history have never won in Boston. This time it was 7–2. Bruins. Until last week the only team Guy Lafleur had not scored against this season was Chicago. When the Canadiens defeated the Black Hawks 6–2, Lafleur scored goal No. 55, tops in the league. In a 6–3 win over the Kings, Lafleur got goal No. 56. This is the fourth successive season in which Lafleur has scored 50 or more goals.

WHA. Defeating Birmingham 6–0 and Indianapolis 7–0, New England increased its second-place lead to four points over Houston. Birmingham broke the major league record of 1,980 penalty minutes when Gilles Bilodeau was assessed with a fighting infraction at 18:21 in the second period at New England. The Whalers went on to snap Cincinnati's four game win streak 6–2, while Edmonton did the same to Winnipeg with a 6–2 victory.

HORSE RACING—ESOPS FOIBLES ($30.20). Chris McCarron up, won the $124,750 Louisiana Derby by a head over Quadratic at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans. The 3-year-old colt covered the 1⅛ miles in 1:50⅘, two seconds off the track record.

MARATHON—MARTY COOKSEY won the first Avon International women's event, held in Atlanta, in 2:46:16 (*page 24*).

MOTOR SPORTS—Averaging 142.520 mph in his Thunderbird, BOBBY ALLISON raced to a one lap victory ahead of Dave Marcis' Chevrolet in the $205,800 Atlanta 500 at Hampton, Ga.

SWIMMING—ARIZONA STATE's women's team outscored runner-up Florida 533–464 to win its second straight team title in the AIAW national championship meet in Durham, N.C.

TENNIS—EVONNE GOOLAGONG beat Chris Evert 4–6, 6–1, 6–4 to win the $100,000 Virginia Slims tournament in Boston (*page 68*).

HAROLD SOLOMON and VITAS GERULAITIS won the final two singles matches to complete a 4–1 victory over South Africa in Nashville that sent the U.S. to the American Zone Davis Cup finals.

WRESTLING—IOWA won its third NCAA title in College Park, Md. The individual champions: Jimmy Jackson (Okla. St.), heavyweight; Ron Jeidy (Wisconsin), 190 pounds; Mark Lieberman (Lehigh), 177; Keith Stearns (Oklahoma), 167; Lee Kemp (Wisconsin), 158; Mark Churella (Michigan), 150; Dan Hicks (Oregon St.), 142; Ken Mallory (Montclair St.), 134; Mike Land (Iowa St.), 126; Andy Oaniels (Ohio U.), 118 (*page 76*).

MILEPOSTS—HIRED: DICK HARTER, 47, to replace John Bach, who resigned as basketball coach at Penn State. Harter coached at the University of Pennsylvania in 1966–71 and had an 88–44 record. He was 113–81 during his seven years at Oregon. JIM HANEY, 29, as basketball coach at Oregon. Haney has been an assistant to Harter for the past seven seasons. DON DEVOE, 36, as basketball coach at Tennessee, succeeding Ray Mears, who resigned because of ill health. DeVoe coached at Wyoming for the past two seasons and had a 29–25 record.

HIRED: As basketball coach at Auburn University, BOB DAVIS, 50. Davis' teams have had a 70–61 record since 1973.

RESIGNED: KEN EDWARDS, 34, as basketball coach at Portland State. He established a six-year record of 94–63.

TRADED: Oakland A's pitcher VIDA BLUE, 28, to the San Francisco Giants for seven players, including Outfielder Gary Thomasson and Pitcher Dave Heaverlo and an estimated $400,000 in cash.

CREDITS

6—Tony Triolo. 15—drawing by SOW. 20, 21—Tony Triolo. 22—Art Seitz. 23—Tony Triolo. 26—Heinz Kluetmeier. 27—Manny Millan. 28, 29—Rich Clarkson (*left*), Manny Millan (*center*), James Drake. 64—Tony Tomsic. 69—Marvin E. Newman. 70—Harry Benson. 78—John Iacono. 80—Peter Read Miller.

FACES IN THE CROWD



ROGER HOLMES
Foothills Valley, Calif.

A 6′4″ senior guard, Roger led Fountain Valley High to its second straight Sunset League title. Roger holds the school scoring records for single game (36), season (546), varsity (junior and senior years, 951) and rebounds (7.9 per game).



BRIAN OENMAN
Berkeley

Competing in the Cardinal Hayes Games, Brian, 18, a Boys & Girls High senior, set a high school flat-floor record of 49.0 for the 440. He also is the state and New York City champion at 300 yards, with times of 32.2 and 31.8, respectively.



JOHN MOFFET
Claremont, Calif.

John, who swam in the 11-12 age group, holds the national records for the 100-yard breaststroke (1:04.36), the 100-meter breaststroke (1:14.6) and the 200-meter individual medley (2:23.26). Last year he ranked in the top 10 in 17 events.



MIKE ARMSTRONG
Essex Junction, Vt.

Armstrong, 32, a financial planner for IBM, won the Vermont Golden Gloves welterweight title on a unanimous decision over Brad Cunningham. Armstrong had not boxed for 12 years, and his last win was in 1965 when he took the lightweight title.



PATTY OELEHANTY
West Long Branch, N.J.

A forward on the Shore Regional High girls' basketball team, Patty, 17, has led her team in rebounding for the past four years. She also scored 2,534 career points, helping the Devils win two Shore Conference divisional titles.



CECIL BEISEL
Perry, Okla.

Cecil, 18, is the state's first four-time high school wrestling champion and has a career record of 78–2–2. This season, Cecil, competing as a heavyweight, led his team to its eighth consecutive small-school title, a national scholastic record.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BASEBALL'S INNOVATOR

Sir

It is sad that Bill Veeck is not the Commissioner of Baseball because then the whole baseball world would benefit from this great man's innovative genius instead of just the Chicago White Sox fans (*Y'All Come On Down, Y'Heah,* March 13). Hats off to Veeck for restoring some of the magic and flair of baseball's golden era.

DAVID L. DORN
Beaver Dam, Wis.

Sir

It was great to read about Veeck's Wrecks and their striving to be No. 1. What really caught my eye, though, was the disgruntled look on the face of superstar Bobby Bonds. Could you have him smile next time? It looks as though he can hardly wait for next year when he may be a free agent.

KIRK BRINOVEC
Springfield, Mo.

Sir

Bobby Bonds' description of the Chicago White Sox uniform is accurate. "Different" is just the word. Shirts not tucked in and collars sticking out—that is not the way I think a baseball uniform should look.

JEFF LINDEMANN
Saline, Mich.

THE UNEMPLOYMENT LINE

Sir

Ron Reid's article, *Coach, You're Fired!* (March 13) was an emotional view of pro football and its big-business overtones. When big business finds itself lagging behind its competition, it replaces the field general and his crew much the way the head coach of a team is replaced. The one difference is that a pro sports franchise is in a way the spiritual property of the fans. Corporate firings occur every day, but they don't affect us the way a firing in sports does. It hurts even more when a man of Paul Wiggin's stature is involved.

RICHARD W. DAIDONE
New York City

Sir

Your article exposing the untimely and unjust dismissal by the Kansas City Chiefs of Coach Paul Wiggin and his staff represented journalism at its finest. In 1957 I was recruited by Stanford University, and Paul Wiggin, then a graduate student, spent two days with me. In later years I talked with him several times when he served as an assistant coach for the 49ers. He is an extremely dedicated and personable individual. It's a shame Lamar Hunt & Co. did not stand by this fine man.

DARRYL EISNER
Westlake Village, Calif.

Sir

Why all the sympathy for Paul Wiggin? I can see his family getting upset, but all the crying seems a little ridiculous. Wiggin never did anything to warrant staying on as coach. Taking a 5–9 team halfway through a season that would see it finish 2–12, second worst in the league, doesn't take too much talent, and getting paid $65,000 a year for three years isn't bad.

MARK FRIEDMAN
Needham, Mass.

THE WORLD OF CLAIMERS

Sir

Thank you for Demmie Stathoplos' earthy insight into the world of trainer June Johnson (*It's June in Midwinter,* March 13). Solid reporting on all levels of racing is what a great sports magazine must give its readers.

It's too bad June and her husband Wade ever left quarter-horse racing. Los Alamitos Race Course and the legend that is Go Man Go. While Charles Town and Shenandoah Downs are battling cold weather (3°F.) and uncertain futures, quarter-horse racing is booming. Los Alamitos' winter meeting averaged 6,909 fans, who bet $886,335 daily. And this Orange County, Calif. track seldom, if ever, sees a below-freezing day.

ED DOBSON
Poway, Calif.

Sir

One may thrill to a magnificent race run by a beautiful colt like Alydar, but the majority of racehorses are like those that haunt the tracks of Charles Town and Shenandoah—nameless, broken-down, doomed, appearing for a brief moment, then forgotten. This is the true face of racing, not the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness or the Belmont.

I commend your reporting the facts on what really goes on behind the scene at tracks such as Charles Town, but I must condemn your position. You almost made the use of Butazolidin and Lasix sound humane, when, in my opinion, the drugs are used so that crippled horses, not feeling any pain, will run faster than their old and sore legs or torn membranes would otherwise carry them. The result is a breakdown, and the miserable animal is finally put out of its pain for good. It would be interesting to see statistics on how many horses on Bute break down as compared with horses not on Bute.

LAUREN BRIGHAM
St. Davids, Pa.

ACHING BACKS

Sir

As one of the many sufferers of lower back problems I was extremely disappointed with the superficial treatment of this subject in your article *How To Put Bad Backs Behind You* (March 13). I recall your articles on tennis elbow and on the knee, which, by comparison, could have come from *Scientific American.* Your readers deserve better than to have their lower back pain increased by such journalism.

WILL CARLETON
Los Altos, Calif.

Sir

After three pregnancies in rapid succession and constantly having to lift one or more young children I had chronic low back pain. I took up belly dancing shortly after the birth of my third baby. The improvement was remarkable. This is one therapy that is not only effective, but also cheap and loads of fun.

MARGARET S. LANARD, M.D.
Phoenix, Ariz.

• SI's medical expert cautions that while exercise to strengthen the back muscles is obviously the best treatment and belly dancing may provide this for some, sudden belly dancing, like sudden tennis on the weekend, may result in the opposite effect.—ED

VIEWS OF BRADENTON

Sir

After reading Larry Keith's story "*Florida Like You Want It To Be*" (March 6), I find it difficult to believe he was describing the same community I have been proud and privileged to call home for some 35 years. While Keith's statements were technically correct, in many cases they were also misleading because he did not balance the negative with the positive aspects of our community.

For example, he said, "Largely ignored by the rest of the population are hundreds of poor black families who live in ramshackle houses on unpaved streets." In the four years that I have been on the city council, we have spent more than $3 million to upgrade and improve the predominantly black community. We are just about to complete a project in which we demolished nine blocks of substandard buildings and relocated the residents to better housing. Incidentally, the dilapidated buildings shown in your photograph on page 30 were torn down almost a year ago. As for "an auditorium that was condemned and closed three years ago," the city and county have agreed to jointly repair and expand the building, which has won numerous architectural awards.

"Beauty is in the eye of the beholder," but I—and apparently thousands of others—find considerable beauty in Bradenton's clean, safe streets, its bright blue skies, free of smog, its

continued



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WILLIAM A. EVERS
Vice Mayor
City of Bradenton, Fla.

Sir:

Larry Keith's article on Bradenton brought back fond memories of my days as a Cardinal player in the 1920s. He gave an accurate portrayal of the sort of town it was then as well as of how little it has changed.

May I point out one slight error in Larry's report? The Gas House Gang of Frank Frisch and Dizzy Dean was not the first Cardinal team to train at Bradenton. In 1923, my third year as a Cardinal, Branch Rickey, who was then our manager and general manager, had us train at Bradenton. It was also our training site the following year, after which we trained at Stockton, Calif., for one year and at San Antonio, Texas the next. We moved back to Florida in 1927, but the site was Avon Park. That was Frisch's first year with the Cardinals, and it was after that (in 1930) that the club returned to Bradenton.

GEORGE (SPEAS) TOPORCER
Huntington Station, N.Y.

MORE ON PRAIRIE CITY

Sir:

After reading *Girls Win, Boys Lose,* (March 6) I felt old memories stirring up. I, too, lived in Prairie City in the early '60s but had pretty much forgotten those days. Now I can sit back with renewed vigor and wonder where my basketball heroines are. Cheryl, Charlotte, Jeanine and the rest. Douglas Bauer captured everything just as it was. And I doubt it has changed all that much. He did neglect to tell about the bus trips for away games and how the girls were always in the front and the boys in the back. Of course, on the way home there was some occasional cheating. Ricker-racker, firecracker, sis boom bah!/ Prairie City Plainsmen, rah, rah, rah!

DONALD E. GUTHRIE
Bay City, Texas

Sir:

Douglas Bauer truly portrayed the seriousness of girls' basketball in small Iowa towns. I'm proud to say that my mother is the Mona Van Steenbergen mentioned in the article, so basketball has played a large role in my life. I wouldn't want it any other way.

MARGARET CAMPBELL
Sioux City, Iowa

WINNING COACHES (CONT.)

Sir:

The winningest active junior college basketball coach is Dick Baldwin, age 56, of Broome Community College in Binghamton, N.Y. Now in his 31st year at Broome, Baldwin has won 694 games. Ray Meyer's achievement (571 wins) at DePaul (*Reawakening the*

continued

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JUDITH PECKHAM
Endicott, N.Y.

OLD PROS (CONT.)

Sir:

Please tell Walter Bingham for me that young rabbit Dave Nevan may deserve his shot at winning a PGA tournament but certainly not at the expense of past winners of the PGA's annual blue ribbon event (*Let's Ring Out the Old and Ring In the New*, Feb. 27). Bingham's report was sadly one-sided in favor of some kids who are not able to qualify for run-of-the-mill tournaments.

Who among us would want to watch the Jack Renners, Don Pooleys and Phil Hancocks if he could instead watch Sam Snead, Dow Finsterwald, Jerry Barber and Jack Fleck, whose steady golf beat Ben Hogan for the 1955 U.S. Open championship? Having caddied for Walter Hagen in 1928 in a four-ball match with Gene Sarazen, Johnny Farrell and a local pro, Jock Hendry, my sympathies are with the old geezers. The kids will have their day soon enough.

EDWIN HUMMEL
San Pedro, Calif.

Sir:

Being in Los Angeles on business earlier this year and having some time to spare, I plunked down eight bucks to spend a few sunny hours watching the L.A. Open. I did so in order to see the likes of Jay Hebert, Dow Finsterwald, Jim Ferrier and other magic names stroll the course. I would pay $8 just to watch Sam Snead hit practice balls.

Let the rabbits play for $666.66 on Monday and Tuesday, but save the great ones for the spectators. Where are you, Ralph Nader? Golf needs you.

MERLIN DARBY
Monmouth, Ore.

Sir:

It is my opinion that these fallen heroes of yesteryear should not be so highly revered. Undoubtedly they must have been great golfers to win either the PGA championship or the U.S. Open, prizes coveted by golfers of all generations. However, they cannot stand with the likes of Bobby Jones, who retired at his peak. An athlete's failure to realize the loss of his once-great ability is one of the tragic scenes in sports. The players on the PGA tour and in professional sports in general are looked upon as men with talents far above those of other mortals. If this mystique is lost through fumbling mediocrity, the image of all professional sports suffers.

JOSEPH M. ZOLADZ
Eggertsville, N.Y.

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